

This Way to Prosperity



M. E. SIMPSON

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THIS WAY TO PROSPERITY

By M. E. SIMPSON



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FOREWORD

FOR NEARLY half a century the author of *This Way to Prosperity* has studied and applied the divine science of wealth as herein presented; hence she claims to speak and write with authority upon the subject.

This book is the response to numerous insistent requests that something be written along the lines of divine metaphysics which would especially appeal to the male sex as a practical working basis for the demonstration of spiritual power.

In *This Way to Prosperity* the author has aimed to present the abstract truths of the Science of Prosperity in a simple, entertaining, yet convincing manner, so that busy men and women will readily discern the truth, and furthermore will enjoy the happiness of mentally working for their hearts' desires with the realization that all good, including wealth, is already within them awaiting manifestation.

The book itself must prove whether that aim has been accomplished.

M. E. SIMPSON.

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LESSON ONE

INVISIBLE REALITIES

WE HAD tramped a good many miles, my mate and I. The day had been hot and the road dusty. We were making for a place a bit farther on—a sort of camper's oasis, where we meant to halt for the night. At this spot, on the bank of a river, we could fill our billy with water and find ample fuel to boil it. We looked forward to refreshing ourselves in the cool waters, enjoying our evening meal, and sleeping in peace and safety beneath the overshadowing trees.

The prospect of soon reaching our anticipated place of accommodation hastened our steps and lightened the weight of the swags we carried slung across our shoulders. On approaching the spot, we noticed a curl of smoke ascending above the tree-tops denoting the fact that someone was there ahead of us. A savoury odour testifying to the use of a frying pan greeted us as we drew near and intensified our desire for a meal.

"Hello, mate!" was our greeting to a man we found seated on a fallen tree trunk and eating from a tin plate his recently cooked food, while beside him stood a billy of steaming tea.

"'Evening, friends," replied the man. Pointing to the smouldering embers, he added, "Make use of the fire if you care to."

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While Alf went off to fill our billy at the river I raked more sticks together and built up the fire, our host meanwhile finishing his repast.

"Ever been here before?" he presently asked as he rose to his feet.

"Only once. 'ave you?" my mate replied.

"Oh, yes, this is a dump I've often stopped at to sort myself up. It's a handy place for us sundowners."

In a friendly way he helped with the cooking of our food and bade us "take it easy" while he fried some mutton chops, given to us at a farmhouse during the afternoon.

"'e's an unusual cuss," remarked Alf under his breath, "and knows 'ow to 'andle a frying pan and make billy tea."

My mate, Alf, was a brisk, wiry specimen of manhood. He was tall enough for his head to reach my shoulder. He had a thick crop of dark brown hair, a sun-tanned complexion, and bright blue eyes with a mischievous twinkle lurking in them. Yet at odd times I noted a sombre mood come over him which overshadowed his merry eyes and bright, expressive countenance. Alf was apt to become very communicative when opportunity offered and had a habit of emphasizing his statements by deft gestures with his hands. When in a particularly excited, or a confidential mood, he was given to lapsing into a free and easy flow of language that in some people would have seemed objectionable, but which appeared to suit his own particular type.

After tea, while my companions talked together I was busy with some calculations in my pocket calendar. Presently I heard Alf explaining to the stranger that we had taken to the swagging business because we could not get jobs. If nothing turned up on the way we should pull up at the gold

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fields. We had met at different labour bureaus in our search for work, but try as we might we had been unsuccessful. We did not want to beg around the city, as many were doing under cover of selling note paper and shoelaces. So we had decided to pair up and start tramping in the country, taking work where we could get it or trusting to luck for our food, if no work came our way. Luck had been pretty good to us, although work had not been as plentiful as we wished. We had always had enough to eat, and, if only under the open heavens, a place to sleep.

I observed that the stranger seemed quietly amused as he listened to my mate's story, and was watching with interest the changing expressions of his countenance and the deft gestures with which he emphasized his words. He appeared to be enticing Alf to talk by questioning him, and, after a pause asked him what class of work he had been used to.

"Well," said Alf, laying his pipe aside and folding his arms round his knees, "I've crossed this part of the country swagging it once before, but me mate, George, is green on it, this being 'is first trip. As for meself, I was a seafaring man for part of me time but luck went agin me and I 'ad to leave the sea. I couldn't make a living on land, so I left Australia and me relations, wot few I 'ad, and came to New Zealand three years ago for a change, but luck always seems agin me and 'ere I am."

"Me mate, George," continued Alf, indicating me by a toss of his head, "is used to a pen and figures, 'e was a blarmey pen driver adding up figures in a big concern of some kind in London, something to do with wool and wheat and whatnot. In fact, 'e belongs to England. Then 'e was a private secretary or something or other to a member of parliament over there.

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Sir Somebody or other was 'is name, but, shiver me timbers, if 'e didn't die and throw George out of a job. Then me mate 'ad a bad illness and 'is luck was no good for 'e couldn't get another decent job. So 'e came to New Zealand for 'is 'ealth's sake and for to try and earn a living — 'is 'ealth is better though no work turned up to speak about. 'e knows wot it is to be 'ungry as well as any of us. 'e's a decent chap is George. I'd stand on me balmy 'ead for 'im, I would that, and give 'im my last crust."

I thought how literally true were Alf's last words as he finished his speech.

The stranger commenced speaking in slow, measured tones, deploring the chaotic economic conditions of the day for which no remedy could be found even by rulers or brilliant statesmen. Not through legislation would a solution be found, he declared, but through changed mental conditions of mankind, both individually and collectively. My attention was particularly arrested, however, when he made an emphatic remark that there was enough work and money in the world for everyone who wanted it if they only knew how to get it. Wealth belonged to man by divine right, he said, and only man's own ignorance could keep from him what was his own.

He went on to say that it was right for men and women to want work because they were created to be active and intelligent — they were created so by the great Creator of man. Everyone was given certain powers and talents, and there was a law governing man which supplied everyone with work and means wherewith to live decently. The trouble was that people did not know of this law and so did not always benefit by it. It was a form of sin to be sick and a disgrace to be poor — only ignorance of the law kept men so.

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Words couldn't describe the look of scorn on Alf's face as, catching my eye, he pointed his thumb sideways towards our host, who had relapsed into thoughtful silence.

"That is a strange statement. It astounds me. Would you mind explaining yourself more fully?" I asked.

"Certainly," he instantly replied. "To me, sin has a wider meaning than merely our personal vices. Ignorance is sin; it means 'missing the mark, losing the way,' through not knowing the truth about man and his Creative Cause. It is because of this ignorance that humans are poor and unemployed. It is because of this ignorance that countries and nations are overwhelmed by financial depression, slump and poverty. If everyone knew the truth about man and his Creative Source there would be only prosperity and peace on earth."

"Your opinion ain't worth much," said Alf ungraciously. "I believe man's no more than this 'ere flax bush, and there ain't no Gawd."

"If there is no God, there is no you, and if there is no you there is no God," laughed the stranger. "Do you believe that you exist?"

"Of course I do," answered Alf.

"Then you must admit that there is a Cause for your existence, and that Cause, whatever It is, is the Cause of man and the universe. You may call it eternal Mind, Spirit, Life, Good or God. There is no man-shaped God in the sky such as you have been asked to believe in. You are right not to believe in it. But you need to know the truth about your Creative Cause, and when you do you will accept *It* as God, where you could not believe in the mythical being the ordinary Christian calls God. Your Cause is Good Itself, Omni-

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Action Itself, and you are created to be busy, prosperous and successful as the expression of your Cause. Yes, ignorance keeps men poor and unsuccessful."

"That flax bush is wonderful," he continued earnestly. "It manifests certain qualities. It is a form of life and strength. It is stately and beautiful and its uses are many. It provides material for rope making, it produces honey for the birds, it even shelters and protects us. You see there is more to the flax bush than you see with your physical sight. The invisible qualities that are behind the visible bush are eternal, they are the invisible reality of the bush and can never be destroyed, even though this visible bush be removed. Behind every object of nature, including man, is the invisible reality which is not cognized by the senses of sight and touch. The visible things of earth are dependent upon the invisible things for their existence."

"Well," asked Alf aptly, "wot are the invisible things and where did they come from?"

"They are the soul of visible things and they are of Spirit, the eternal Cause, Who shows Itself in, by and through Its creations. You can call It Cause, Spirit, or eternal Mind, or you may call It God, but you would do well not to use the term 'God' for Creative Cause because it is apt to convey the idea of a man-shaped personal being, which is wrong and bewildering. The Cause of man and the universe is Spirit or eternal Mind. Other names for God are, divine Principle, Truth, Love, Intelligence, Good, Omnipotence, Omnipresence, Omni-Action, Omniscience, eternal Substance and Form," replied our host, "but the name 'Spirit' includes them all."

As the man talked I was strangely impressed by his remarks

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and found myself making shorthand notes on the calendar before me, and an old familiar text came forcibly to me with a new meaning, 'For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by things that are made.'

Alf, evidently much impressed, had drifted into silence, so I remarked, "I suppose, then, that Spirit, with all that term includes, is made tangible in man and visible things."

"Yes, the only way Spirit can be known is through the thing It expresses and manifests," he answered. "That is why I say 'man whose Cause is Omni-Action must be active.' He should desire to express his talents and powers in actions, in works, thus making his invisible powers visible and so manifesting his Cause. Just as every blade of flax on this bush or every frond on yonder fern tree is the visible counterpart of an invisible Cause, and has its own right place in the divine order, so in divine creation we all are, as humans, the manifestations of our invisible perfect Cause and have our right places in the divine plan. As I have already said, we manifest Omni-Action, the All Creative Principle, hence we must be active in expressing our powers and talents. Man has no right to be idle or poor."

Alf and I were silent when the stranger made a move as though preparing to collect his belongings, but he paused, and, pointing to the calendar on my knee, said, "For instance, you have a row of figures before you and each figure represents an invisible number that you cannot see, touch or smell. The number is a mental thing in your mind and the figure is the visible representative of the invisible number. Now, if you try to make a seven take the place of a five you fail, for the law of numbers won't let you do so with success. Nothing

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but turmoil will follow the attempt. Each number has its own right place and is sustained there by the principle of mathematics. You are greater than a number and figure in mathematics for you are a living, thinking being and your Principle is eternal Mind. Yes, you have your right place, a good place, in the perfect, eternal plan of creation. You must forever have your own place for you are governed by divine Principle. This is true, no matter how much things seem to be against you. It is only ignorance that keeps you from knowing this fact, and reaping the good results such knowledge would bring you."

"What would the results be?" I asked.

"Happiness, constant employment, ample means, prosperity and success."

"'ow do you know?" Alf quickly asked with a furtive glance at the stranger's swag.

"Because," said the stranger, "I know that thought is a creative force which objectifies itself in conditions and things, and that our human conditions are governed by our thinking. You do not know that you are governed by Principle. You think that, as a cork on the ocean is battered and buffeted at the mercy of the waves, so are you adrift on a sea of life buffeted by circumstances. Your thoughts about yourself are, that adversity, fate, luck and chance all play a part in controlling your destiny, and so you suffer defeat, poverty and want through this false, negative belief. You believe that slump, depression, hard times are real and have power over you. The natural result of such belief is unemployment and poverty. Change your way of thinking. Practise thinking truly, which is the positive way, and get positive results.

"I once explained this to a man who was skeptical regard-

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ing the power his thoughts and words had in creating his environment and circumstances. I explained how his thoughts affected his body, and that his environment was only an extension of his thought force, the visible out-picturing of his thoughts. He said he had practised applying the power of mind to get money and work and had kept saying to himself he had a position when he hadn't one, but found that, as he expressed it, telling such lies got him nowhere so gave it up. I saw his mistake—that he had been using mental suggestions without having any understanding of the truth of Being to support his declarations; understanding which would have enabled him to make his declarations with a clear sense that he was claiming the truth, instead of telling lies. So I asked him to take a different line of thought, to realize that he was a living, thinking being and was created to be happy, active, powerful and successful. To know that, as surely as the principle of mathematics governs its numbers and needs them to express it, and keeps each number in its right place, so was he governed and sustained by divine Law, and that he expressed It. Therefore, in reality he had his own right place now. I advised him to learn this well and declare it often, then note the good results that would show forth in his life. The same Law applies to us all, we need first to know the truth, and, then declare it earnestly.

"I'm moving on now," said he.

I expressed the hope that we would meet again for I was much attracted to this man and edified by his strange teaching.

"I shall be on the road and no doubt we shall meet," he remarked, shouldering his swag and jerking it into position.

"Thank you for your unusual views so well expressed," I said. "They give one food for thought."

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A wonderful smile lightened his face which attracted me as a woman's might have done, yet it was well in keeping with his strong, forceful-looking personality.

"I hear a car coming along the highway," said he, "and if I can get a lift I shall go on but we shall meet again."

I followed him towards the road and heard the car stop so judged that he was getting his desired 'lift.' I could see that there was a difference between Alf's estimate of the stranger and mine.

"Wot a queer fish," was his remark when I returned, "a roadside crank or something else. Never seen such good boots on a swagger's feet before. Sorter tramp capitalist, I guarantee."

"What do you think of his ideas, Alf?"

"If they are true why is 'e swaggering it? Let 'im swallow 'is own dope and prove it does wot 'e brags it does before I'll believe 'im. 'e 'as a new notion about Gawd all right."

The river close beside our camping place ran low and noisily in its shingly bed as it sped its way to the ocean, less than fifty miles away. The waters were mainly supplied by snow from the Southern Alps, a snow-clad range of mountains which are the pride and glory of South Island New Zealanders. When hot nor'west winds breathe upon these snowy heights the waters rise quickly and become a wide, rushing torrent, filling the river bed from bank to bank. At present, however, it ran low, branching itself out through different channels in its pebbly course.

It was a beautiful, warm summer evening. Alf, being weary, had turned in for the night, but I sat awhile to enjoy the stillness of the evening and my own thoughts, before following his example.

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Pure and clear were the waters before me and clean and bright the grey stones and pebbles over which they skipped their busy way. Here is the same freshness and fairness that prevails throughout this verdant land of the South, I thought. Then from the scene before me my mental vision flashed to bottomless lakes, in whose shining faces were mirrored the floral beauties that bedecked the sides of the rugged mountains surrounding them. Thence to hillside natural forests, where the refreshing bushy aroma from moss-covered logs and rocky banks greeted one; where, shaded by giant trees, exquisite ferns, from the daintiest species to feathery trees, flourished in vast profusion, and crystal streams trickled through ferny banks, while in fearless abandonment unmolested bird life trilled and twittered the happy hours away.

From such mental scenes of freshness and beauty my vision returned to the river before me, hastening its way along to lose its own identity through absorption in the vast ocean.

"On, on, you go," I said aloud, "I wonder if you know your fate. I've a kindred feeling for you, for my destiny I do not know."

I drew my blankets from the shelter wherein Alf was sleeping, and spread them amid a clump of bushes. For hours I lay awake under the starry heavens listening to the lilt of the nearby waters, and the rustling leaves above me, and thinking of the stranger's talk. It held a strange fascination for me, and pointed to eternal underlying Good, that in a vague way I had always felt existed in spite of human sorrows and trials which seemed to deny it. A new hope arose within me, that sometime I might be wiser than the river, if I could but meet the stranger again.

LESSON TWO

THINK—FEEL—ACT

THE NEXT day was beautifully fine. Alf was in good spirits, singing and whistling gaily as we swung along the country roads. He was a wonderful whistler and had a good, though untrained voice which he liked to use, and a great variety of tunes and songs suitable for any occasion, merry, sad or sentimental, so could suit any class of audience, old or young, frivolous or staid. He had, too, the gift of discernment which guided him quickly in knowing what best to sing to appeal to the head or heart of those he particularly wanted to impress. He could bring tears or smiles to faces as the case might be. Often on our tramp when we had begged work or food and would have been sent away empty-handed, Alf would commence singing a song, suitable as he judged, for the occasion. Many a time a stony heart or a suspicious mind had been changed towards us through the pathos or merriness of Alf's singing, and we were called back and dealt kindly and liberally with. His powers of entertaining children, too, were wonderful. He could sing, whistle, dance and tumble, to their delight.

These accomplishments he had learned aboard ship when he and his shipmates had for pastime practised them. Hence, Alf was a good tumbler and would at strange times and occasions turn on an exhibition of art for our human benefit. To see him attracting the special attention of people by suddenly standing on his head, walking on his hands with feet aloft, or cart-wheeling over people's lawns, paths or yards often struck

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me as so comical that I was greatly amused, and again, I might be deeply moved according to my mood. I wondered what my relations at home would think of me tramping the country in this fashion and in such a large measure dependent for human supplies upon the wits of my mate, Alf, whose crude exterior hid a heart of gold. Yet, they were not in the position to help me now, and I wanted to prove and win out before they knew of my whereabouts. Yes, I admired Alf's nature beyond words and had an appreciation of him that almost amounted to an affection.

We were bound for the gold mining districts of Otago hoping that fortune would favour us, and that we would find an opportunity of digging in somewhere and sharing in the reported phenomenal gold-getting that was making poor men wealthy in a day.

After awhile Alf ceased singing and remarked, "Wonder where the bloke is as yarned to us last night. We may drop on 'im again."

"He said that we would meet again," I replied. "I've been trying to think out and practise what he told us, for it appeals to me in a way."

"Wot way?" jerked Alf.

"I've long since felt that there is a different meaning to life from that we know of, which, if we only understood, would give us power to live in peace and plenty and be free from disease. The orthodox teachings about the Creator and man's future fate, be it heaven or hell, has seemed intolerable. Anyhow, Alf, I've tried to act on the stranger's advice to the other man he told us of, and have been thinking of you and myself as something different from the human door mats we seem to be."

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"Look 'ere, George," my mate interrupted, "keep off them high-faluting subjects, they don't suit you."

Late in the day, as we neared the entrance to a farm we saw a man emerge and walk slowly on before us in the direction we were going.

"Blow me, if it ain't the stranger!" exclaimed Alf.

So it was, for there ahead of us was the same tall, upright figure, its broad shoulders crowned by a well-shaped head carrying a thick crop of iron-grey hair with the suspicion of a wave in it.

"That's 'im," said Alf. "For 'eaven's sake don't get sookey over 'is yarns if 'e sidles up to us."

"Glad to meet you again," said I, once more impressed by his smile and uncommonly bright, grey eyes which betokened intelligence, and lent an attractive, whimsical expression to his countenance, causing one to smile in response.

The look of protest Alf gave me when I greeted the stranger so warmly caused me to laugh outright. By looks and gestures my mate was able to convey his thoughts in a remarkable way that was both interesting and amusing. We walked in company for a couple of miles and decided to rest for the night in a spare barn belonging to the farm we had passed. It was fitted with a fireplace, bunks, a rough table and benches for the use of tramps like ourselves, and a water race ran close by. The stranger seemed familiar with the surroundings and again displayed a host-like manner, even to sharing his food liberally with us.

After supper we lounged around outside in the coolness of the evening. Peace reigned supreme. Across the fields came the plaintive bleating of maternal sheep calling their straying young, while the lambs responded by troubled, anxious calls.

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In the tall gum trees yonder, twittering birds were settling for the night and these soothing sounds of nature were enhanced by the droning of busy insects in the fragrant flowering gorse bushes nearby.

My companions sat in silence until Alf addressed the stranger, saying, "Say, mate. If the philosophy or wot-you-may-call-it you doled out to us last night is true why are you swagging it? If you knows 'ow to be rich why don't you swallow your own dope and prove it?"

There was a triumphant ring in his voice as he hurled the question.

"Well, friend," replied the stranger evasively, "it does not matter about me, I know that what I said is true for it has been proved to my satisfaction. Anyhow I swag it because I like to."

After making a grimace of disgust for my benefit Alf said, "Perhaps you'll tell 'ow the man you spoke about last night got on. Did 'e do as you told 'im?"

"With pleasure," the stranger replied. "He put my advice into practice, keeping steadily at it, and soon his affairs changed for the better. He is now very prosperous and often gives a helping hand to others. He believes in people doing their mental work well and heartily and then accepting whatever comes along in the way of employment, with always the ideal of something still better ahead. Those he helps must also help themselves. He thinks it is a man's duty to work because he manifests his ever-active Creative Principle, Who is Action Itself. Would you like to meet this man? You may if you will call at his home which you will pass in about three days at the rate you're going. He would treat you well and tell you all about his own case, how he was cured of poverty

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and became wealthy. He has a large homestead set in grand surroundings. The place is called 'Prosperity' and is environed by numerous fruit farms, all well-kept and profitable, some of which he has sold. You are on the road to prosperity in deed and in truth, if you call on him and follow his advice. You will be well received if you tell him that you met Jacob Morley on the road and promised him that you would call in at 'Prosperity.'"

"Wot do you say to that, George?" my mate asked, addressing me.

"It would at least be intensely interesting," I replied.

"He will advise a systematic method of mental work, advising you to go into the silence every night and morning and there earnestly to declare the truth about yourselves as you know it. 'Going into the silence,' " he explained, "means withdrawing one's thoughts from visible things and centering them in the silence of one's inner being, there to mentally declare the truth about oneself and claim the highest good desired as already ours. One should continue in the silence until outer things are forgotten and one is lost in the inner realization. It is good to retire for this purpose twice a day at least into a quiet place, and during the rest of the time to keep up a hopeful attitude of mind refusing to think or talk poverty and ill-success which are negations and to hold firmly the positive thoughts of happiness, greatness, power, ability, success and prosperity. That is how he started on the road to prosperity and he is a good example of the truth he teaches to those who will listen."

"Wot should one chat to oneself in the silence?" asked Alf.

"It is best to form your own statements if possible, but at first most people are helped by a ready-made affirmation.

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However, I have some already written out which you may have," said the stranger, pulling some well-used papers from his pocket and reading aloud the following affirmations:

1. "I am at one with eternal Principle and eternal Principle is at one with me. Eternal Principle is Good Itself, hence I am prosperous, wealthy and successful here and now. I know it and feel it now."

2. "I am at one with eternal Principle and eternal Principle is the One All Perfect Creator of man and the universe. Creative Principle is Omni-Action Itself, therefore I am creative, active, capable and efficient here and now. I know it, I declare it and feel it now."

3. "I am at one with Creative Principle Who is infinite Mind, Intelligence, Omniscience Itself, hence I am infinitely wise and intelligent here and now. It is so."

4. "I am at one with eternal Principle Who is eternal Spirit, eternal Good, hence I am spiritual in being and existence here and now. It is so."

5. "I am at one with eternal Principle who is Omnipotence, All Power Itself, hence I am powerful, strong and mighty. Nothing can part me from Principle, therefore I have wisdom and power to accomplish my just projects and to be victorious over everything that would seem to defeat me or oppose and limit my power and action. It is so."

6. "I express and manifest eternal Principle Who is Omnipresence, therefore I fear no form of evil, for Good being eternal Presence ever-present leaves no room for its opposite. I declare that poverty and unemployment are negations and have no place in me nor power over me for I am at one with eternal Presence, All Good, which has no opposite and excludes all unlike Itself. I am fearless and courageous for I

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know the Good alone is present and all power. It is so. I know it and feel it."

7. "Because I am at one with divine Principle I have my own right place in Creation wherein to express my divine faculties, talents and powers; I cannot be kept from my place nor can my place be kept from me. Personal influence cannot deprive me of my right place and occupation. Fate, chance, ill-fortune cannot influence me against my highest success in life for Principle governs me. I deny the mesmeric influence of other minds, or the race beliefs in general, to deprive me of success, or to influence me against my highest good. I am bold and fearless because I know my infinite greatness as the expression and manifestation of divine Principle, the All Good Itself. Eternal Mind is my Source. It is so, now."

"Here are several affirmations. You may use them all daily or take one a day, just as you please. You must realize the truth of what you affirm and as you proceed you will find their meaning growing clearer. *Feel* the truth of the words as you repeat them mentally. There is no harm in repeating them aloud if you so desire. Remember, 'By the word worlds were framed.' These are the declarations the other man used with such success. He always concluded his mental work with an affirmation of gratitude, which was a feeling as much as anything, embodied in the following words, 'Because I depend on divine Principle, eternal Love, for all I am and have, I realize unbounding joy and gratitude for all my invisible blessings and those that are already made visible. I am grateful in knowing that the invisible shall, in answer to my word and trust, be made manifest in greater visible abundance according to divine Law. It is so, now.'

"Through your power to *think*, *feel* and *act* you create your

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conditions in life and bring them into manifestation, or, in other words, you materialize them. You are doing this unconsciously all the time. Learn more about man's true status and then you may and will consciously create your human conditions and materialize only the desirable. Think positive thoughts on the side of Good and they will materialize in positive results. If you think, speak and feel negatively you will get negative results. You have the power to think which way you will.

"If you seek a position or a business you will find one; if you want a home and wife you can have them if you think rightly. If you want money, happiness, friends, success, you may have them for All Good is yours now by virtue of the fact that you are the very expression of eternal Principle, the All Good Itself."

I had been lying on the grass listening to the two and watching an enchanting sunset, whose changing colours made the heavens gorgeous beyond description.

"Now," continued the stranger, "the other man, before learning this right way, had tried to get work and money by a different mental method. He had thought that all he had to do was to say, 'I have work now. I have money now. I have thousands of pounds besides houses and lands.' He felt justified in declaring that he had a right to a job another man occupied, or a house or anything else that belonged to another. But his suggestions brought him no lasting success. In time, he found this correct way of working his problems and saw his past mistake. He saw that merely to suggest, 'I have money. I have work, I have thousands of pounds' without the understanding of *the reason why* man is always wealthy, good and successful, was like trying to do sums without knowing

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the multiplication table. His suggestions were without basis, without principle to sustain them. To make them potent they needed the spiritual understanding of *why* man is rich, prosperous, wealthy, opulent, employed and *wise* now."

"I suppose he didn't know that he was the expression and manifestation of perfect Principle, the Principle of man, and was of like nature to that Principle, as you taught us yesterday," I ventured to remark.

"That is so. The secret of the success of this way of working lies in knowing the *why*, the *because*. It is the *knowing* and *feeling* that is the vital energy of our affirmations," he replied.

"It does seem like telling lies to say we are wealthy, good and employed," urged Alf, "when we ain't."

"It would seem so if you did not know that you are something more than you appear to be. When you realize that the sunrays are of the same quality as their source, that man is really of the same nature and quality as his Source, and that his Source is unchanging Good Itself from which he can never be parted, you can with confidence affirm that you are perfect now, and have all the good you need now, then your word will be powerful and in due course made tangible to you."

"By jove!" exclaimed Alf earnestly, "I've got 'old of the idea and it ain't so bad either. I am on to try wot it will do for me. I like the 'sun and the sunrays' notion better than 'principle and number,' which don't appeal to me, though it might to George."

"Well," said the stranger, "the other man will talk a lot about 'the sun and the sunrays' if you want him to; he is well up in the science."

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I thanked Jacob for his instructive talk. Through his simple explanation of man's one-ness with his Creative Principle a great light had dawned upon me. Hope was kindled within me. Was it through this understanding that Jesus' disciples gained faith and power to work miracles? I wondered. I mentally resolved to try out his method. We soon retired for the night. When Alf and I awakened in the morning we found that the stranger was up before us and had departed, leaving a note on the table, saying, "We shall meet again."

LESSON THREE

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AS WE SAT breakfasting next morning on food the stranger had generously left behind him, we discussed that same individual and his ideas.

"'e's the queerest fish I've met," said my mate reflectively, "but 'e is likeable and mighty good-natured."

"Yes," I agreed, glad to note that Alf's feeling was changing towards the stranger. "I feel that he is honest and sincere. I hope we have not seen the last of him."

"'e guarantees we can 'ave whatever we 'ave a notion for if it is a good desire."

"What would you desire most?" I asked.

"I'm not telling," he answered, "but I imagine the best thing you could wish for would be a wife and a 'ome."

"Maybe, Alf," I agreed laughing, "that would suit me if she were the right girl, but a home with my mother and sisters would content me. That is what I want. I'd deny myself the wife for the present."

"Right you are," he answered briskly, with an air of importance, "but you might as well desire a lot as a little."

Two days passed but our friend did not again cross our path, and I was conscious of a wish to again hear his voice which had impressed me as the most attractive I'd ever listened to. On the third day we stood before a signpost signifying, "This way to Prosperity."

"Wot do you think?" Alf asked, meanwhile pointing in the direction of "Prosperity." "Shall we or shan't we?"

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I hesitated, so we sat on the roadside discussing the proposition and finally decided to call there, as we had promised Jacob Morley we would, hoping to learn more of that interesting stranger and meet a man who had made such good use of his teaching.

It being towards eventide, Alf suggested that it was a very suitable time from our standpoint to pay the promised visit.

We walked for a considerable distance in the direction indicated by a finger on the signpost, passing orchards showing rich harvests of fruit, and eventually reached an imposing homestead standing amid acres of finely cultivated grounds and well-kept lawns. In answer to Alf's request to see "the boss" an elderly maid informed us that the master was out but that she would call his daughter. Alf was cutting capers beside me as we awaited the arrival of the lady, and his grimaces caused me difficulty in suppressing an explosion of laughter. Soon a young woman of about twenty-five years of age stood before us smiling graciously. Alf entered into conversation with her while I stood by, noting her tall, finely developed figure, wavy, dark hair and clear, brunette complexion. Her eyes and smile attracted me greatly as she talked with Alf, and reminded me of someone whose identity I tried to recall. Then she addressed us both, saying, "My father would wish you to wait to see him as he was half expecting you to call sometime. In yonder building you will find the means of freshening yourselves up, after which you will be very welcome to some dinner and to remain for the night. I will let you know when father is home."

"By jove, this is clover," said Alf as he wallowed in a hot bath, which we found provided in the building, besides other means of making a decent toilet.

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We were fixed up and feeling refreshed when we were invited to come to the house and meet the master. It was his daughter who met us and led us into a room where dinner was laid for four. At the head of the table, but with his back towards us, stood a man the lady addressed as father. We halted as we entered the room, the situation was unusual even to weirdness, for the man made no attempt to face us until his daughter said, "Father, meet the two men who have called upon you."

Slowly the master of "Prosperity" turned and faced us. Behold, it was Jacob Morley himself who stood before us—our wayside host, the interesting stranger! Alf and I stood speechless, so great was our surprise, until Jacob moved towards us. In his home setting he looked an even more imposing type of manhood, tall and stately. His eyes seemed brighter and his smile kinder and more whimsical than ever as he shook hands heartily with us.

"This is a surprise, I know," he said. "I told you we would meet again and I gladly welcome you to 'Prosperity.'"

Miss Morley, who had vanished for a moment, reappeared, saying, "Father is a real tease. He is given to these little surprises."

"After dinner I will explain," said our host as we all sat down to an appetizing meal. Not that I could eat much. It was an effort for me to overcome the surprise I felt and to smother the emotions that beset me, for it was many a day since I had sat at a correctly laid table and partaken of a meal prepared in a homelike way. Alf, too, seemed ill at ease. Our host kept up an easy flow of conversation, which, aided by Miss Morley's bright naturalness, soon dispelled our embarrassment.

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The atmosphere of the room took my thoughts vividly to my distant home. I was conscious that Miss Morley was watching me closely, and, as though understanding my emotions, aroused me from silence by asking in a kindly way, "Does this remind you of home? Father has told me that it is in England."

I admitted that I was thinking of my mother and sisters, and wondering when I should see them and have a home again.

With a steady look at me, as though summing me up, she said, "You surely deserve a home, and what one deserves one can have if one knows how, and will work with divine Law."

"Thank you," was all I could answer at the moment.

After dinner, at our host's invitation, we sat in a porch overlooking beautifully laid out flower beds and lawns.

"I feel that I owe you an apology for my honest deception," Jacob Morley remarked as we seated ourselves.

"This is a common prank of father's," explained Miss Morley. "Once he was poor and swaggering it on the roads. Through learning the science and applying it he became prosperous. He has a kindly thought for honest trampers and tries to put them on the road to prosperity by teaching them to know themselves and their great powers, which they can intelligently use when they really know what man is. Some of them will be helped, some will not, but father has been the means of setting many men on the right track who have overcome poverty through the truth he has shown them. At intervals he takes a swagger's outfit, and, pretending to be a tramp, often meets men like yourselves on the road and tries to give them the understanding of how to find prosperity."

"That accounts for 'is good boots," whispered Alf.

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"Yes, once I was poor. It seemed the world was against me just as it seems to be against other men like yourselves. My wife had died leaving me with a baby girl as a treasured legacy," Jacob said, glancing affectionately at his daughter.

"It seemed that circumstances would not permit me to earn enough to support us decently and I grew hardened against fate. I seemed to meet the worst elements of human nature: selfishness, meanness, cruelty and personal domination. I saw stronger minds ruling weaker ones. I saw worthy men and women suffering injustices and going to the wall through the dominating wills and heartless personal influences of others. I saw men helpless as I was myself to combat the evils their seemingly more fortunate fellow-beings imposed upon them. Body and soul, I seemed at the mercy of worldly conditions and the minds of my fellow-beings. I decided to take to the open road to get away from people as much as possible, to live under the open heavens and listen to the birds, trees and singing rivers; to take what hardships I might endure as trifles compared with the blessed freedom I would feel; to trust that my human needs would be supplied. So I became a tramp. In time Gipsy became a tramp, too, for one summer when she was four years old I took her with me on the road. Part time I carried her. Often we were fortunate in striking kindly drivers who conveyed us goodly distances. Gipsy had lots of attentions shown her by people we met on our journey. The novelty and freedom of the life appealed to her, and though things were not so easy for me I loved having my motherless girl with me. So we crossed the country together one fine summer."

Gipsy gave her father a loving look and said, "Ever since then father has called me Gipsy."

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A very suitable name, I thought, impressed by an indescribable charm about her, which I concluded was the result of the moulding influence of an uncommon parent who had taken the part of father and mother, and who had inspired me with a deep sense of wonder and admiration.

"Her mother called her Gwen," said Jacob as he continued his story, telling how, in the course of time, he met someone who had changed his whole course in life simply through changing his way of thinking about himself and his Creator.

"From being a lonely, poor, unsuccessful mortal I became a man, a man of dominion over circumstances. I learned that I was master of my own destiny and that *my* mind was not subordinate to other people's mentalities. This was a marvelous emancipation for me, for it seemed that other people's minds had decided whether I should work or not; whether I should have wealth or not; whether I should succeed or fail in life, thus granting or depriving me of joy and peace. I was liberated from the mesmeric influence of other people's wills, and established in the understanding of the One Mind, including infinite Will, which I knew was my will."

His explanation of his experiences so tallied with my own that as he related them I grew tense with excitement and interrupted him by exclaiming, "Just as you have met these conditions in life so have I! It is as though you read my thoughts and relate my experiences. When on the point of gaining a suitable position some obstacle arises to deprive me of it, always through the intervention of other minds. It seems that the greedy, jealous, unprincipled-minded bar me from success; that mind over mind is the order of the day and the weaker goes to the wall."

"I understand," said Jacob with infinite kindness, "but like

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myself you can be freed from such bondage just by learning that it is not to persons or personal influences that you should look for success in life, nor need it be hindered by personal influences. Humanity is suffering from ignorance, and only knowledge of the truth of Being will bring emancipation for you and all mankind from poverty, disease, death and personal domination."

The silence which followed Jacob's remarks was broken by Alf.

"Won't you tell us wot you learned that put you thinking straight? You seem to 'ave done well out of it."

"Yes, in mind, body and estate it has helped me. I am in a worldly sense prosperous. I have many investments. This estate is mine as far as human ownership goes and I have several farms besides, one of which you passed as you overtook me on the road that evening."

Here we all laughed heartily.

"Well," our host began, "I will, as nearly as possible, tell you the truth in the words of the one who taught me the science of freedom. She was a woman of a loving nature, wise with wisdom born of experience, and gifted with a wonderful power of imparting to others simply and convincingly the truth she herself understood and relied upon."

"Now father is going to tell his much related story of the sun and its rays," said Gwen laughing, and settling herself to listen. "One never wearies of it."

"That's the stuff," ejaculated Alf. "The 'sun and rays' seems easier than 'numbers and figures' to me."

"Nevertheless," said our host, "the 'principle, number and figure' illustration is a popular one and is preferred by some, but most folk like the fable of the 'sun and its rays' better."

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Material symbols never fully portray the spiritual facts we use them for but we do the best we can with them. Overlooking any technical objections, the 'sun and its rays' is a wonderful illustration. It was conceived of and used widely with great success by the woman who was my teacher, in order to show her students man's absolute oneness with his eternal Cause, which knowledge she considered the great essential in life.

"You know in a measure, the nature of your eternal Creator. My object now is to bring to you a clear understanding of your one-ness with It. To show how it is that there is only One Mind, All Good, which is the Mind of all people alike, and how you need not be influenced to your disadvantage by other people's mental domination or mesmeric influence. Listen to this fable as I learned it.

"In a long time ago the old sun aroused himself and found that he was rayless—that because he was rayless he was useless in the universe and practically unknown. He bemoaned his sad plight, saying, 'Ah me! Ah me! here am I, the very self-containment of light, heat, energy, brightness and glory, yet I am useless. I am nonentity because I am unexpressed, unmanifested. But,' said he with resolution, 'I will express myself, I will manifest myself in rays that will be my own internal, vital force and energy sent forth into visible operation. Thus will I be known for what I am.'

"So the old sun sent forth from himself millions of expressions which he called rays. These rays were the emanation of his own internal, vital quality, expressing and manifesting that quality. The rays *were not tubes or channels through which the sun flowed but were the very flow itself, and the sun never grew less through their bright shining and*

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activity. After the sun had expressed itself in its rays he spoke to them thus: 'Ah, ah, you little rays, perhaps you think that you are separate from me but if so you are mistaken for you are all at one with me. You can never get loose from me nor can I part from you. I am your endless source of energy and power, of brightness and glory. You depend on me for all you are, have and do. But listen to me! I also depend on you, for without you I am nothing. Without you I am nonentity, useless and unknown. You are myself in manifestation. I need you to express and manifest me, while you need me as your eternal supply. Hence we are at one. So, my rays, go forward expressing and manifesting my innate force and energy, my light, heat and glory. You and your source are one.'"

As our host concluded the "sunray" fable I remained silent, for a great light had dawned upon me so that I felt too mentally uplifted to speak.

Alf, however, gleefully exclaimed, "Now, I can get some sense out of that. That's the talk for me. I see wot you meant when you said, 'If there was no Gawd, there'd be no man, and if there was no man there'd be no Gawd.' I see one can't be without the other. There is a great Cause out of which we all come and can't get unhitched from, like the rays can't get loose from the sun. I suppose we are made of the stuff our Cause is made of. Wot is it?"

"Not the material substance such as the solar bodies are composed of," replied Jacob, "but eternal Mind, eternal Good, Perfection Itself or Spirit. It is divine Principle, the Principle of man and the universe."

"Then we must be made of Good, of Mind or Spirit," said my mate reflectively.

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"Just as the sunrays are made of sun," said Jacob.

"Remember that in Good Itself there is no poverty, for It is riches and opulence in Itself. There is neither room for, nor right in unemployment, for Spirit is All Action Itself. Spirit is the All Creative, eternal Mind that is All Wisdom and you are It expressing."

"Then why am I unemployed and 'ard up?" Alf doubtfully asked.

"Because you have not known what you are and your relationship to your Creative Cause, which is All Good, All Creative Action Itself. Now that you know your one-ness with eternal Good, your Source, you will declare the affirmations I gave you with greater understanding and power, and better results will follow. You know now that you are declaring absolute truth when you say you are successful, prosperous and wealthy *now*. It would be wrong for the sunrays to say they are cold, damp and dark when they are the sun itself beaming forth. It is wrong for man to declare he is poor and unfortunate when he is in reality Good Itself manifesting. 'For as a man thinketh in his heart so is he.' Don't wait until work, money or anything you need comes your way before you declare that you have work and wealth. Affirm that these are yours now as they truly are because of what you are, and if your mental work is well done you will find them come forth from the invisible to you, as I have done. This is according to divine Law."

"Thanks," said Alf earnestly.

I had been rapt in thought but instinctively raised my eyes to find Gwen intently observing me. A moment of embarrassment it was for both of us as she looked quickly away. I suddenly became conscious of the shabbiness of my clothing

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and my ungroomed appearance generally and compared myself with what I was in bygone days when in my English home. As though reading my thoughts Gwen smiled brightly and encouragingly at me.

Addressing Jacob, I thanked him for the new light he had given me of God, which I knew would entirely change my mental outlook.

"Yes, and it will grow clearer and clearer to you," he replied. "Imagine how wrong our past concept of God has been."

"Our wrong concept of man impresses me most," I said, "for if we are in the same relationship to our eternal Source as the rays are to the sun we are really as much God as the rays are the sun. And if God is the Good, Perfection Itself, we, too, are Good and cannot in reality be poor, no matter how much we may outwardly appear to be so."

"Even so," he agreed, "you are eternal Good, including wealth, riches and opulence, in manifestation. If you will know the truth and apply the rule it will set you free. If man is poor, God his Cause must be poor, don't you see? The salvation of mankind from poverty and want lies in the universal realization of this science."

There were many things I would have asked but our host suggested that we retire for the night. He invited us to be his guests for a few days, or, if we liked, he would employ us to do some necessary work about the place and in the evenings, when convenient to him, we could have further lessons on the science of prosperity. Knowing that Alf had been for a time a seafaring man, he asked him if he could undertake the repairing of some tarpaulins. There was a pile of horse and stack covers to be mended, also a quantity of harness

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which needed repairing and cleaning. Alf gratefully accepted the job.

To me, he said, "My daughter is a great gardener and cares for the flowers. She is needing help in building some rockeries and a new fernery, as well as in other ways. She is always getting up some fresh scheme for upsetting the place and expecting me to enthuse over it."

I noticed the very devoted look he bestowed upon his Gipsy as he said this, and asked me if I would undertake the job of working for her. I gladly accepted the offer, promising to do my best to please her and explaining that my favourite hobby when at home had been gardening, at which my mother and sisters had thought me quite good in many directions.

So Alf and I repaired to a part of the building we had been shown into upon our first arrival, where comfortable beds were provided. As I viewed the scrupulously clean bed linen, pajamas, towels and curtains and felt the home-like atmosphere of the place a wave of emotion almost overcame me, but I mastered it for I knew that Alf had no time for namby-pamby womanly weakness, as he termed it.

Alf was very talkative and under some circumstances I would have been highly amused at his estimate of our present position, our benefactor, and more especially of the new God he had found through Jacob's "sunray" illustration.

"Now that's a Gawd any bloke as 'as any sense can take to," said he. "A Gawd as don't 'ave to be asked to do things because 'e 'as already done 'em. Lordy me, the sunrays don't 'ave to ask the sun for wot they wants for they 'ave got all the sun can give 'em, and there is no end to their supply. Ain't that a corker, George? We are rays of Gawd and don't 'ave to beg for anything because we 'ave all the Good of Gawd

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now. I can grin at you blokes who 'as prayed to an old chap in the sky when there's never been a 'eaven nor a Gawd up there. Like children praying to Father Christmas, you've been. I'm one ahead of you. I never believed such bunkum, so I said straight there is no Gawd, but now I know there is a true One that I can't lose because 'e is hitched up to me, and I can't get away from 'im any more than 'e can get away from me. I'm thinking that I will get all I want now I've found 'im so near." And as an afterthought, "Maybe I'll be a better man."

"It don't look like you, mate, in that rigout," laughed he, pointing his finger at me as he got into bed.

"The same to you," I answered, as he laid his head on his white pillows. I closed my eyes and Alf soon talked himself to sleep, but to me sleep seemed far off so active were my thoughts.

The birds in the nearby trees were welcoming the morn before I drifted into the slumberland of repose, my last conscious thoughts being of Gwen, wondering how I would appear to her as a worker and perhaps hoping she would approve of me.

LESSON FOUR

UNLAWFUL SUGGESTIONS

THE FOLLOWING morning Alf and I were shown over the homestead and adjacent gardens by our host, and then were motored through some of the surrounding fruit-growing districts on sunny hillside slopes. Orchards abounding in prolific crops were plentiful and even now harvesting was going on as the different classes of fruit and vegetables ripened. Prosperity and plenty met us on every side.

"Yes, most of this property is mine or has been," said Jacob as we motored slowly on, "and once I was as hard up as you seemingly are. I was down and out when I met the woman who taught me to know how great a being man is. She gave me several interviews and encouraged me to know that I was successful and prosperous even then, and that my own prosperous place and employment would be revealed to me. I had tramped the country for two years carrying my swag, sometimes finding casual employment, sometimes receiving kindly help and often brutal rebuffs, even to having dogs set on to me by their owners to chase me off the premises when I begged a meal or a night's accommodation. I bitterly resented fate which gave my more fortunate fellow-beings power to hunt and scorn me, and place me in such humiliation and beggary. I resented being a victim of chance while my desire was to be a man of standing in the world. In agony I often thought of my beloved Myra, my wife, who had died leaving me a baby girl as a reminder of herself, while I was not near to hear her sad farewell and to thank her for her living gift, as she closed

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her eyes on this hard world. I was away battling for existence when she died, and my lasting grief is that her death was attributed to lack of things and attention that in our case it seemed money alone could provide. I was desperate. I felt that I could bear conditions no longer and then my teacher came. 'Tis said by wise men, 'When the seeker for truth is ready the teacher comes,' " concluded he as he stopped the car at his own door.

I noted Alf quickly brush his hand over his eyes during our friend's story, and I turned away.

We were seated on a balcony commanding a fine view of surrounding country.

Continuing his talk, Jacob said, "My teacher taught me as I am teaching you. I have taught the same truth to many men I have picked up on the wayside. I make at least two tramping tours during the year, chiefly for the purpose of finding those I can help through instructing them in the science of prosperity. I enjoy these spasms of freedom, but, of course, lads, it is a very different matter to tramp for the pleasure of it, with a motor car at one's disposal and an assured livelihood, from swagging it out of dire necessity with want as a companion." He paused and looked at us with an understanding smile.

"I should say so," said Alf emphatically. "It struck me you was a tramp capitalist for your boots gave you away. Eh, George?"

"Have you found many converts?" I asked.

"Enough to have made it worth my while," he replied. "All have not been attracted, but dozens have, and many of these have become happy and prosperous in their own lines of life, some in business, some in professions, some on the land. Most

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of these orchards around are owned by men to whom I have taught the way to prosperity. I've always been glad to give a helping hand to worthy strivers and have put them in the way of owning their own properties on the understanding that, as far as possible, they employ what help they need from among trampers or other men I meet and approve of, so, many of the hands employed are men like yourselves, who have happened along. It rests with themselves whether they in time own their own homes or not. They have been shown the way to prosperity."

I was deeply impressed with what Jacob had told us and I admired him more than ever.

"Yours is true Christianity," I assured him. "I've never known anyone like you."

"Nothing pleases me so much as to find a new student, for every fresh individual started in this science of prosperity is a mighty power for good in the world and adds to the weight of positive thinkers, who will eventually outweigh the ignorant, negative thinking and so establish harmony on earth. It may seem slow work but we must all do our part. I expect everyone I help to turn and show others the way to prosperity as they themselves have been shown, according to their ability to do so. So, my work is far-reaching you see."

"Gawd would be done out of a job if there was many chaps like you," said Alf admiringly.

"Remember, Alf," Jacob replied, "man is God in manifestation. He expresses and manifests God. Keep to your Principle."

"It would be interesting to hear how you emerged out of poverty into plenty," I suggested, "after you met your teacher."

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"Well, it seemed to come so naturally that I had to watch, in order not to forget that it was the science I had been taught and was practising that brought the success I was enjoying.

"Well, I put into practice the new understanding I gained from my teacher and one day gladly went to tell her I had struck work. At a labour exchange, where I'd been turned down many times, I met a man who wanted several hands for his sawmilling industry on the West Coast. I was the first he picked out of a score of applicants.

" 'You're a likely one,' he said, 'so get ready to start for the Coast at once.'

"It was a great day of happiness for me and I've never been really unhappy ever since. I made good, for somehow the world and its people seemed kinder to me and I felt like a different being. I found that it paid to be happy and that the happier I was the more goodwill I attracted from everyone. My boss got to rely on me greatly to take care of his interests. I was thrifty and saving and was soon able to provide for and educate Gipsy. Then my employer inherited a substantial legacy and had to leave immediately for England. He offered me the business at so low a price, and on such easy terms that it was practically a gift. Soon after, I was offered a big price for the property whereon our sawmill was situated, the buyers believing it to be gold-bearing land. This set me on my feet, and from then on everything has worked together for good for me. I purchased cheap, big tracts of bushland, engaged labour to clear it, and created farms and orchards which were readily sought after. Helpful friends were plentiful all along. In this way, after a few years, I was able to give many suitable and worthy men, in whom I had confidence, the chance to acquire their own farms on a purely

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business-like basis. I do not advocate a system of something for nothing. It does not act satisfactorily. To me it still is a marvel how I have honestly prospered, but I give all credit for my prosperity to divine Law as understood and applied."

"It sounds stranger than fiction," I remarked as Jacob ceased speaking, for I was intensely impressed, and Alf, too, I could tell was not less so.

"When my teacher showed me my relationship to divine Mind, through the 'sunray' fable which I related to you last night," Jacob continued, "I saw clearly that no one had a better mind than mine, nor more mind than I had, because we all derived our mind from the one Source, infinite Intelligence. You will have observed in following my last lesson, that, as rays or expressions of the One Mind we do not all possess a separate mind of our own, but that we are all individual expressions (rays) of the One Mind which is our Source of Wisdom and Power. We are distinct but not separate from our Source; we are distinct from each other but not separate."

"What is your opinion on the subject?" asked our host of Alf, who had been sitting with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, thinking deeply.

"Well," answered he, without raising his head, "I sees as 'ow it would be crazy of the sunrays to try and boss each other and grab each other's light and heat, because they can all 'ave all they want from the sun itself, if they will take it. Yes, wot fools some of the rays would be to let the other rays take from 'em, rob 'em and over-power 'em when they can shine as bright as the brightest, if they only will. If we creatures are all rays of one eternal Mind, as you says we are, all

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we 'as to do is shine out (express) that Mind and say to the other feller as would bounce us and govern us and stop our success in life, 'No you don't, captain, my mind is Gawd and is as big and strong as yours is.'

"If Labourites and Capitalists can get all they need from the one Mind, because there's no limit to the supply, it seems to me as if they only 'ave to know this truth and the world's big troubles would be over. Wot a good time it will be when all are equal and at peace getting wot they need from Gawd, the infinite Good, like as the sunrays all get their supply from the one sun, instead of bleeding each other or cursing each other."

"Very good, and simply put," said Jacob with evident satisfaction. "That is the true solution to the world's economic problems and it pleases me to note that you now know what God is, Alf, and can acknowledge that eternal Mind is the Source of your wisdom, power and prosperity."

"It is a wonderful thought," said I, "that there is only one Mind, which is eternal Good Itself. That the All Good includes in Its own nature wisdom, action, wealth and plenty. That we are all individual expressions of the One Mind, yet have foolishly believed that we each have a separate mind of our own when there is only one Mind, which we express and manifest. Your 'sunray' fable makes this very clear. The sunrays would be foolish to delude themselves by thinking they each had a separate sun. If that were the case what a lot of suns there would be. Am I right?"

"Perfectly, George," answered our teacher. "It is the false belief that man has a separate mind of his own, which implies a multitude of gods, that causes human tyranny. Now to protect yourselves from erroneous mental suggestions of other

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minds, or, from the personal domination of other minds, in any sphere of life, you need to keep your thought clear and *know* that the One Mind is your mind and that you are distinct from your Source but never separate from It, and are distinct from your fellow-beings but never separate from them for all are expressions and manifestations of the One Mind. We are all dependent upon each other in the great economy of Being but no one has more mind than another. All radiate the same Source but in infinite variety, and some express It more powerfully than others at present. The greatest Teacher the world has known knew this fact perfectly, hence His mighty wisdom and power. So you must school yourselves by constantly realizing 'I and my Source (Father) are one,' and affirming it mentally, or aloud. Through faithfully and trustfully realizing and declaring the truth we hasten our progress to the full perfection of realization. The 91st Psalm is a protective statement against aggressive, malicious mental suggestions from ignorant people, whether intentionally or ignorantly given to us; we profit by declaring it daily. The formula for self-treatment my teacher gave me to use for self-protection you may have also if you like. Here it is:

" 'My mind is divine Mind and no one has power, either ignorantly or intentionally, to influence me in any way against my best interests, or to deprive me of employment, money or friends. My mind, the One Mind, is supreme over my own affairs. I am ever at one with divine Mind, and in my conscious realization of that close union I am protected from the aggressive mental suggestions of other minds, and false race beliefs generally. I deny that I can be influenced wrongfully in business or private life. I deny that my mind can be tampered with by any erroneous mental influence anywhere or at

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any time. I affirm that I am secure from all evil influences. I am receptive only of God, and Good alone I express. In Love divine I live, move and have my being, therefore I am secure from every appearance of evil and I express only Good to others. Good is the only Presence and Power. I and my Father are one. It is so. So it is.'

"If you trustfully work on these lines, *knowing* and *feeling* the truth of your statements, you will not come under the mesmeric influence of other minds or the general erroneous race beliefs. Business people the world over are being schooled in the system of influencing the minds of those they desire to do business with to suit their own ends, often in ignorance of the danger to themselves of so using the power of mind unlawfully. From the shoelace hawker to the vendor of cars, stocks or properties the rule of mental suggestion or mesmerism is more or less understood and used upon unwary people, who are ignorant of the mental manipulation being practised upon them.

"A man I know, urgently wanted to sell his home. It was to be auctioned on a certain date. A woman called and told him she had admired the house often and had declared to herself, 'I will live there some day.' She extracted a promise from him that failing its selling, as he had to remove to another part, he would rent it to her. He was so sanguine of a sale that he laughingly promised. On the day of the sale, while the furniture was being disposed of, this woman attended and devoted her mental energies to mentally declaring that the house would not be sold. She used every suggestion she could think of against the skill and success of the auctioneer in sell-

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ing it, and the possibility of the house changing hands. It did not sell, to the chagrin of the auctioneer, for he had relied on a promising client who failed him. The woman boasted of her successful work in preventing the sale through mental manipulation. She did not know that she was breaking a divine Law by thus unlawfully working; was breaking the golden rule, and operating forces that would rebound and hurt her. She lived but a short time in that house before sickness in the family caused her to remove from it, and great sorrow befell her. It is dangerous to use the powers of mind for selfish or unjust purposes. The operator always suffers. 'Do unto others as you would be done unto' is the golden rule.

"A neighbour recently had an agent call, trying to sell him a threshing machine. The agent was insistent and for two days pestered him to buy. At last the neighbor said, 'Look here, my friend, my mind is equal to yours. I am up to your little game. I don't want the machine, I am not prepared for it at present and I refuse to be mesmerised by you into buying it. It seems to be your aim to over-rule my mind, to dominate me and rob me of the right of self-government. You think to justify your unprincipled action by making me believe you are a heaven-sent benefactor to me, and that your great desire in life is to do me a good turn, regardless of any advantage to yourself; you and your class may dope some people with such nonsense but you can't dope me.'

"The agent laughed and said, 'You are one too many for me and I give you up as a bad job, though I've tried hard to influence you and I rarely fail. I mentally worked on your mind for hours last night to make you buy.'

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"‘Ah, but I know what my mind is,’ was the reply. Knowing his one-ness with eternal Mind the neighbor had held on firmly to declaring that Good, eternal Mind, alone governed him and was his mind. I could recount scores of cases showing how necessary it is to be alert in knowing how to protect oneself from unscrupulous mental manipulations and personal domination. My daughter is very interested in this side of our subject," Jacob informed us in conclusion. "She does a lot of teaching and helping among her own sex, and has good results. Some day she might tell you something about it, if you would like her to."

That afternoon Alf and I were shown our respective duties and made preparations to start on them in the morning. The promised work would last some time we were told, for after Alf had finished on "Prosperity" there was more work to be done on another place some distance away, while it seemed that there was no end to the labour that lay before me. In a business-like way Jacob discussed the financial side of the position and offered us wages for our work which appeared to us over generous, and he paid us something in advance wherewith to buy needed clothing. This enabled me to soon dress myself as a respectable citizen once more, and I felt like a new man. Moreover, the experience of handling a decent sum of money again thrilled my mate and me.

Jacob observing our satisfaction, remarked, "You think it is money you really want to make you happy but you are wrong."

"I'm not so sure of that!" exclaimed Alf.

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"If you had tons of money and could not use it you would not be happy," said Jacob.

"Have you heard of an old couple who lived their days on an unproductive acreage of land, living a poverty-stricken existence? In despair at length they sold out for a small sum. Those who bought the farm found evidence of gold a few feet below the surface. A great wealth of gold was there all the time, owned by the needy couple who thought they were poor, and suffered the misery of poverty.

"People who crave for wealth and suffer poverty are like the old couple living on the gold mine. For within the divine selfhood of every individual wealth resides awaiting recognition by the owner, and to be brought out by him into visibility or tangibility in the form of money or its equivalent. You make the mistake of not distinguishing between money and wealth. Money is not wealth, wealth can never be destroyed for it is eternal reality. Wealth is the invisible reality of which money is the visible form just as the flax bush we discussed the first evening we met was the visible manifestation of such invisible realities as strength, beauty, stateliness and utility. In other words, wealth is the soul of money and money is the body of wealth. Gold, silver, copper and cheques are mistakenly regarded as wealth but they are no more wealth than the figure 7 is the number it represents. Wealth itself can never be destroyed for it is eternal reality. All the money in the universe might be burnt or otherwise destroyed but wealth itself would still remain to be again objectified in money or some other object representing wealth. Money is the objective form of wealth. If wealth were not, there would be

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nothing to be represented by money. The nature of wealth is opulence, plenty, success, abundance, affluence, love and happiness because Good Itself is the Cause of wealth. Good is eternal Love, bountiful, full and free and freely full.

"Wealth is a divine, vital, conscious, living quality or force and is included in your spiritual selfhood as surely as are wisdom, understanding and concentration, which with many others are also divine qualities or forces within you, and everyone. Wealth is implanted within man by his Creative Cause, the All Good Itself, Who expresses Itself in Its creations, man and the universe. It always will be within man as long as his Only Cause remains, and because eternal Cause is from everlasting to everlasting and is infinite Love, eternal Mind, the All Good, wealth is likewise eternal and indestructible. It is a conscious, living, divine force included in man who is the expression and manifestation of his Creative Cause. Creative Cause is Good Itself, Love Itself, Power Itself, including infinite Wealth, Prosperity and Happiness Itself, and man is It in manifestation."

"Then, if wealth is a component part of man's true selfhood, and wealth is always in man he must be eternally rich," I suggested, "but he needs to know how to make the invisible wealth within him become visible as money or its equivalent, or at least I do."

"Continue your mental work with earnestness as you have been doing. Pray as though you have already received, for you have already received as I have shown you. I will show you later more clearly the things of which I now speak, and you will see that 'the kingdom of God is already within you,' what it is, and how it came there; which will aid your advancement in power to overcome difficulties and trials. Meantime trust

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me, trust my words, and as I instructed you to act in our last lesson so continue. Deny worry, poverty and lack as you have denied ignorance. Then affirm that you are happy, prosperous, wealthy and powerful *now*. Believe what you affirm, for the kingdom of wealth is now within you, implanted there in the creation. Your words, mentally or orally declared, will be for you a spiritual force working in the invisible realm to bring into outer existence that which you wish for, or desire to be. Poverty will fade away and ever-present plenty will be revealed."

LESSON FIVE

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WHEN Alf and I met after our first day in the employment of Jacob Morley we were interested to know how each other had got on.

"Easy as falling overboard," Alf declared, rubbing himself vigorously with a towel. "This would suit me for the rest of me days."

"I hope the gold fields are not yearning for us," I said as a reminder.

"Let 'em cry their eyes out. As for me, I look on 'em as a last 'ope. I'm staying right 'ere, for I'm the boy as knows, 'a bird in the 'and is worth two in the bush.' Wot about you?"

I assured him that under Miss Morley's supervision I had made a good start on a new fernery, which seemed the first of many things she wished to have done. There were alterations in conservatories to be made, hothouses to be attended to and flower-beds to be re-arranged, besides plenty of other things to do.

Alf was wrestling with a broken shoelace until his face was lobster red, when suddenly he sat up and solemnly said, "Say, mate, 'as it struck you yet that we're real working men now and don't belong to the unemployed? We've got jobs, captain, jobs! Can't you darned well understand? Jobs!"

"Good heavens above, so we are!" I exclaimed, for until this

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moment it had not really dawned on me that we were off the list of unemployed. "And I would say that our affirmations and this new way of thinking were responsible for it if anyone but Jacob were our employer."

"You ass!" exclaimed Alf in disgust. "Of course it's the new notions as Jacob 'as taught, and our affirmations that 'as put us in work, and if you're not satisfied with Jacob for a boss you deserves to be shot. Fact is, we're in work and it's not for us to grouch over who divine Law picks for us to serve."

"Thank you, Alf, for your reproof. You are a better student than I am, but you are not a happier or more grateful one."

Jacob continued his lesson to us that evening, starting off in his free and easy fashion to unfold to us the truths with which he was so familiar.

He commenced, "The method my teacher used, to bring me a realization that money is the visible representative of invisible divine realities, was very effectual. She offered me work, but told me I should receive no payment for it. I told her that it was money I wanted, not work alone. She gave me some money but told me not to spend it."

"What use is that!" I protested. 'I want food and clothing for myself and child.'

"She then gave me an order on a grocer, draper and coal merchant but told me I was not to use any of the goods when they were delivered. Again I protested, wondering what she was driving at. I told her the money and goods were useless to me if I could not use them, that I wanted comfort, peace, happiness, contentment and dignity which money and these things would bring.

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"‘Ah, now, you are getting to the point,’ said she. ‘What you really want are the mental qualities you name. If you were conscious of having these you would not need money to buy them. Now, please know that you have these qualities already, besides many others. They are already within you, yet you think money can create them.’

"Now, lads, I want to show you, as I was shown, that you have ‘the kingdom of God within you’ now, and what it is.

"The kingdom of God is a state of conscious harmony, it is in consciousness always though humans may not realize it. I want to show you that you are mental beings, you are spiritual consciousness, and that you have within you already victory, dignity, peace, happiness, comfort, honesty, contentment, resolution and all other divine forces and mental seeds of opulence and success. Then I will show you how to bring into tangibility those innate divine realities that should be regarded as living, conscious forces, which they in reality are.

"The infinite Creator is All Creative Spirit Itself. It is All Good Itself, All Mind Itself. The infinite Creator did not make man and the universe out of a material substance outside of, and separate from Itself, as a man might make jars and vessels out of clay, or a woman make scones out of flour. The infinite Creator expressed Itself in Its creations of which man is the sum total, the highest creation. Spirit, divine Mind, expresses Itself in Its creations as the sun expressed itself in its rays. The sun did not find some outside substance out of which to make its rays; it did not make its rays and stick them on to itself, but expressed itself in, by and through them. The sun does not reside in the rays as a man resides in a house, or a light inside an electric bulb, but the rays are it itself in manifestation. The rays are not channels or tubes through which

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the sun flows; they are the very flow. So infinite Spirit expresses Itself in Its creations; they are It in manifestation, not things in which It resides. Man is the highest creation of infinite Mind and embraces within himself all the lower creations. In you the Creator has expressed (or created) every divine quality that It Itself includes, not only those I have already mentioned but all divine qualities or energies. You are the compound idea (creation) of infinite Mind, and every perfect idea is ever within you and all men. In reality you are not corporeality, mortality; you are mind, spiritual consciousness, and you include within yourself every perfect spiritual faculty, power or quality. You must of necessity be, and are, spiritual or mental beings and are always perfect in your true selfhood.

"You are spiritual beings, mental beings, made up of a variety of mental faculties or powers. For instance, when Gipsy here makes a cake for me she has around her the various ingredients she needs. Flour, sugar, butter, spice, peel, raisins, currants, and all the other ingredients she requires are there. Now, each ingredient has its own distinct identity, has it not? Yet when they are all blended they combine to make one object—a cake, hence the cake is a compound object embracing many lesser objects. This illustrates the great fact, that you in your true spiritual being are compound spiritual consciousness embracing all the lesser spiritual ideas, you are the sum total. Prosperity and success are two of the divine qualities or powers embraced in you and all people. They need only to be evolved from within and made manifest in your human experience as the things you need.

"You consider yourself an intelligent man, George. Now do you believe that understanding, perception, intuition and

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discernment are mental faculties or powers, and are within your true nature?"

"Certainly I do," I answered, "They are mental qualities, faculties or powers."

"You consider yourself an honest man. Now do you suppose that honesty, charity and hope are in your mental make-up, are in you and are mental?"

"I suppose so," I said, "for I can't touch, taste or smell any of them, therefore they are mental."

"Well, just as these are all in you now so also are peace, comfort, happiness, contentment, prosperity, success, resolution, determination and victory, which you so much desire. But like the poor old couple on the gold mine you are ignorant of the wealth you own—ignorant of these spiritual, vital, mental faculties, powers and qualities which you already possess as component parts of your own divine selfhood. They are divine Mind in manifestation. They differ from the ingredients included in the cake because they are living, intelligent mental forces. To recognize them, to understand them and to affirm them as mental, real, active and eternal now will cause them to manifest in your human experience as human supplies. You already have all the good qualities within you, including prosperity and success. You only have to recognize this truth and affirm that you are prosperous and successful, in time, to have all the things you need. This realm of invisible reality that I am trying to explain to you is the kingdom of God within man. The one Creator did not express in man poverty, want, destitution and misery. They are not among the divine qualities in man. They are unreal. They are negatives. They are without cause or creator and so must be denied reality, presence or power. You can fearlessly deny them for they are

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baseless, unreal. Deny them and realize that Good alone is Presence and they will fade away as darkness before the light. Your recognition of their nothingness and the all presence of prosperity, wealth and success is a spiritual force that eliminates discord and makes harmony evident."

"Seems as if we're sorter mental plum puddings," Alf remarked humourously. "All these things we're made of, do you mean they are alive and active?"

"They are living, conscious forces, Alf, because they all express divine Mind and you are an embodiment of them all," Jacob replied.

"Now tell me what you think gold and silver are made of?" to which I answered, "Solid substance, matter."

"You are mistaken. That which has been called matter is a myth. There never has been a substance apart from Mind for Mind to act upon, for All is Mind and mental. The universe and all it embraces, including base metals, is mental. Different forms of money are mental. Their substance is eternal Mind. The physicists have changed their views about matter, and after long opposition to metaphysics have reached the conclusion arrived at by Divine Scientists long ago. What they once declared to be matter, a material substance separate from Mind, they now call force or energy, whose rarity or density is decided according to rates of vibration. The slower the vibration the more solid does so-called matter appear to be. Some day they will reach the stage of mental evolution where they will find that man and the universe are mental, because infinite Substance and Form are eternal Mind Itself. Also, that Tangibility, Externality and Visibility are eternal Mind Itself, and other wonderful things that we Divine Scientists already discern. They are fast approaching this realization.

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"To your sense visible things seem solid but they are not; just as to sense, in the distant horizon the ocean and sky seem to touch when they do not. Money is the tangibility of wealth. It is the objective state or externality of wealth. Just as the body of man is mental so is money, the body of wealth, mental. Infinite Good Itself is the Principle of wealth and its visibility, money. Infinite Good is divine Love, the Source of all supply. Its nature is to give bountifully, to out-pour Itself. Study your dictionary and see how closely the definition of Good, God, is connected with gold and wealth.

"It will seem more reasonable to you that by the power of your word you can cause needed supplies to appear to you, when you realize that there is no lumpish substance such as the mythical matter was supposed to be. The only Substance is Mind, Spirit. Spirit is infinite Substance and Form. Don't make the mistake of praying for the visible object without the understanding that the visible object is the correspondence of an invisible reality which is, as it were, the soul of the visible thing. *Your success will be short-lived if you focus your mental efforts on obtaining the visible things without the spiritual understanding of the science of prosperity and supply, to support your arguments.* First you seek the invisible reality, and the visible things will be added. You can fearlessly pray as though you have already received if you understand what I am imparting. All Good is within you now. God's work is done; yours is to make it manifest."

"This realm within you is the kingdom which the great Reformer referred to when He said, 'Neither shall they say, 'lo here!' or, 'lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.' 'Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' The Creator has given you

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all you need of holiness, happiness, health and human supplies before you ask; indeed, all good is in 'the kingdom within you' now. 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.' This is what the great Reformer taught, but men were slow to perceive the meaning of His words. He said, 'Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' So by the power of true prayer we make manifest in our lives the things we need. We seek first the invisible kingdom, the eternal realm of divine realities, and through the operation of the true word declared silently or audibly the invisible becomes visible. The visible things are 'added unto you.' The great Reformer understood the divine Law so well that he could instantly externalize human supplies. Sometimes you will attain to that understanding, but meanwhile you can prove your faith by your works according to your degree of understanding. People need to be taught of the kingdom of wealth within them. They grasp after visible things, money and the like as the first and only essential, yet after all, in the kingdom of heaven within man, is the living spring of prosperity from which all things needful to man's human existence can pour. There are no negatives in the kingdom of heaven within man, which is made up of all right qualities."

"The trouble has been that the world ignorantly accepts negatives as positives. Only Good is established in 'the kingdom of heaven within.' Man, who embraces within himself every divine quality, faculty or power, could be likened to a garden which is made up of numerous bulbs of many varieties. Each bulb has within it the power to express itself and with the aid of the sun and rain does so. Each quality within

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man is vital, conscious and active, and has the power to express itself when co-operated with through right mental work. By the word of God worlds were framed."

"'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or, 'What shall we drink?' or, 'Wherewithal shall we be clothed?' 'For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.' 'For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.' 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you.' So taught the great Reformer. The lily bulb embraces within itself the quality, power and volition of growth, beauty of form, sweetness of perfume, daintiness of colour and tint, and from the invisible within these are evolved, and through normal process becomes the visible without. So, within man are embraced the qualities and powers known as comfort, peace, contentment, dignity, happiness, prosperity and success, and from the invisible within these are evolved and through normal process become the visible without. They become visible as houses, lands and all needful things; riches, wealth, eatables and wearables. From the 'kingdom of God within' they are evolved and manifested as things. Now you see how the 'things' are 'added,' or the invisible substance becomes tangible."

"Am I right in thinking of the invisible realm as heaven and the visible realm as earth?" I asked. "If so, when I say,

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'Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven,' I mean, as the spiritual realities of things I need are in the invisible realm within me, let them be made visible to me as tangible objects."

"You are right," Jacob answered, "but first understand the invisible kingdom within you and then through right mental work make it tangible. As it is in heaven so let it be on earth."

The Lord's prayer took a new meaning to me and I wondered why I had not realized it before, it seemed now so simple.

Alf announced that he was 'off to bunk' and asked for the loan of two books, which Miss Morley readily supplied him with. We all were amused at his business-like air of importance as he marched off with a Bible in one hand and a dictionary in the other. I remained, asking Jacob some further questions and discussing the job I was on.

As I was about to retire Jacob detained me, saying, "My teacher gave me a song which she composed and which thousands of people have used as a healing treatment for prosperity. Would you like to hear it? If so, I'm sure Gipsy would sing it. It is called, 'The Song Triumphant'."

"I shall be pleased to if George cares to hear it," she responded.

Seeing my readiness she led the way, saying, "The piano is in the drawing-room."

I expressed my regret that Alf would miss this pleasure.

"Your mate is a strange mixture," she remarked. "I like his open frankness. He amuses me immensely with his quaint summing up of things."

"He sums people up just as readily," I told her. "He

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summed me up and decided in my favour; why, I don't know. He has been the truest of friends to me. He is all gold."

She asked me to tell her how we met and became such friends, and seated herself on the music stool facing me, with a sheet of music in her hands, while I recounted my earliest experiences with Alf.

I told her that we were both looking for work and had met several times at labour exchanges, always as unsuccessful applicants for employment.

"Things were terribly hard with me for I had become penniless, had no evident prospects and was a newcomer in this country. One day I was desperately hungry. I was passing some shops with food displayed in the windows, one of which at the moment seemed to have no attendant in it. I crept stealthily in, and was in the act of stealing a meat pie when to my horror someone moved from behind a showcase and stopped me by catching hold of my arm and called me 'a darned fool.' 'Stop it, yer chump, there's a cop just outside the window. If yer want to be run in for stealing now's yer blarney chance.'

"I nearly dropped from weakness and fear, when, to my relief I found it was Alf whose acquaintance I had made at the labour exchange.

"'Clear out of 'ere, slippy,' he commanded, and I obeyed just as the shopkeeper returned from the bakehouse at the rear of the shop with some buns Alf had ordered and was waiting for."

I noticed how intently Miss Morley was listening and I turned hot and cold as I related my case. Just then Jacob appeared, expressing his surprise that he had not heard the

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song, and greater surprise when he saw us deeply engaged in conversation.

"George is telling me how he and Alf became friends. Please tell it over again for Dadsey to hear," she said.

So I again related the foregoing part of my story and continued it.

"Alf was out of the shop nearly as soon as I was, and overtook me. He took me with him from the busy streets to the river bank and found a vacant seat beneath a weeping willow tree.

"'Yer hungry aint yer?' he said, opening his parcel of buns.

"'Oh, not very,' I replied.

"'Don't tell lies. I suppose yer was stealing the pie for fun. Well, make yerself at 'ome, mate,' upon which he pulled from his pocket the very pie I was stealing, saying, 'Go on, gobble it up.'

"'What is the meaning of this?' I asked in surprise.

"'Don't argue, eat it up,' and I quickly started on it while he ate his buns. With the lie that he was not hungry and could not eat it himself he thrust one on me.

"Then I asked him how he got the pie.

"'Stole it, of course,' said he, 'and I'll pay for it some day. I was nimbler than you, mate. You're no class of a thief.'

"It was then that I decided to accept his suggestion that I 'swag it' with him.

"'And let it be known, mate, that if there's any stealing to be done on this 'ere expedition I'm the thief for the whole party, you and meself, or else I'll be calling in to see yer behind prison bars, where yer would look pretty.'

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"That is the kind of friend Alf has been to me, and it accounts for my attachment to him," I said in conclusion. "The story is nothing to my credit but it does some justice to Alf."

Jacob was silent. I could not read his thoughts. Gipsy had been listening intently and as I finished I noticed that her eyes were filled with tears. I concluded that Alf's memorable act had deeply affected her sympathetic nature and caused her emotion. I was pleased for his sake.

Jacob suggested that we postpone the song till another time, to which we agreed.

"So you were as hungry as that," Gipsy remarked kindly to me as we parted for the night.

Then it occurred to me that perhaps after all her tears were not on Alf's account and somehow I was happier still.

LESSON SIX

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JACOB WAS CALLED away from home for a few days on business. We missed his presence greatly, and looked forward to further instruction when he returned. Soon after a visitor arrived at "Prosperity," who was introduced to us as Mr. Millar, an earlier student who had become very successful in the commercial world. He desired that he might have some refresher lessons on the deeper points of the teaching, which he had found difficult. He was bound for a district further south, and was able to call in at "Prosperity" for a few hours as he passed, and thought it would be very convenient to him if Jacob could spare time to give him a lesson now. He hoped to complete the business on which he was bent and to return in a few days when he could visit "Prosperity" again and have another lesson.

With his usual good nature our teacher willingly consented to fall in with Mr. Millar's plans. I could tell that Jacob was proud of him as a successful pupil, and very satisfied with his earnest search for more enlightenment. It was therefore arranged that a lesson be given early that evening.

Alf and I were told that these subjects were rather deep for young students like ourselves, though we would benefit in some measure through hearing them discussed. It was with great satisfaction that, at the appointed time we attended, ready to listen.

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In his usual easy, happy style our teacher commenced.

"The very fact of your desiring any good thing or condition is the evidence to you that the answer to your desire already exists in the invisible realm; God's work is done and your work is to externalize it. 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,' said our great Example."

"When a photographer takes a portrait nothing is visible on the plate until he submits it to a certain chemical process. Then appears upon the plate that which before was invisible. So are the answers to our desires already awaiting us as intangible realities in the invisible realm, and we make them visible through mental processes. There are three forces, or qualities, in man which must operate in unison in order to bring into objective, tangible evidence the things which man desires. These are Desire, Imagination and Will. First one must know what one desires, and one's motive for desiring a thing must be pure. Then the desire must be warm and ardent. The more intensely burning the desire the more potent it is. Desire is longing, craving; it is feeling, sensation more than anything. Webster shows 'desire' in one sense as 'emphasizing strength or ardour of feeling.' Desire is the passive, the conceptive or feminine region of mind. It is the fecund, fruitful, fertile principle in man's consciousness, but of itself it is in-operative."

"Now, one cannot desire a thing without simultaneously having a mental picture of what one desires. If you want boots, clothes, house or land, your imaginative faculty is present with your desire. You cannot desire a thing without mentally picturing the type of thing you want. If you want an aviary you don't picture a haystack. If you want eggs

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you don't picture apples. So, Desire and Imagination are dual faculties and are the feminine side, the passive,ceptive, formative side of mind. The imaginative faculty within the consciousness of man is ever-present with his desire. For instance, if you wish to take a sea voyage you could not have this desire without at the same time having a sense of the ocean, steamship and many details, such as waves, sea birds, the wide expanse, etc. These you would mentally sense, see and feel. Just as the case would be if you desired a new suit, overcoat, or any article of apparel, the mental picturing must accompany the desire for they are dual forces. Therefore, we should always associate Imagination with Desire. Imagination is a more wonderful force than has been realized by us. It is not idle fancy. It is mental form, therefore imagining is mental delineation, mental formation."

"Now, please remember what I have shown you in a previous lesson, that man is a compound being including in his mental or spiritual selfhood all the faculties, qualities, powers and energies of eternal Mind, his Causative Principle, and that these are all co-relatives of each other. They are not dead, unintelligent qualities, but living, conscious, mental forces expressing eternal, creative Mind Itself. Hence, Desire, Imagination and Will are living forces embraced in man's compound nature, the kingdom of heaven within. To imagine is to mentally conceive. Webster shows that in one sense the words 'conceive' and 'imagine' are identical. A clear distinction must be made between fancy and imagination. Imagination is not wool-gathering or purposeless fancy. It is a living, intelligent force and is at one with Desire, as light and heat are at one with the sunrays. It is the superstructure of visible things. It is the substance and form of tangible things. There

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is not an object of man's work that was not first mentally conceived, as an embryo, matured, and brought forth into objectivity. The artist, the sculptor, the inventor, always has his mental ideal in mind before it becomes objectified as a visible thing. First he formulates his desire, then with the co-operation of Will brings his ideal into objectivity. As he progresses stage by stage to perfect and bring his ideal forth he has each distinct part mentally defined. He also has the mental picture of the perfect object when completed."

"Again I say, imagination is the substance and form of visible things. It is the superstructure of that which becomes visible, as the plan in the mind of an architect and builder is the superstructure of the building that will eventually appear. The ideal in the mind of an artist, inventor or architect, is the reality. It is eternal. It is the soul or substance of the visible thing which will appear. Destroy the visible thing but the mental ideal remains always to be again objectified if need be."

"It is interesting to note St. Paul's definition of faith. He says, 'Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not yet seen.' Now imagination, or the power of mentally picturing, is 'the substance of things desired and hoped for, the evidence of things not yet seen,' hence faith and imagination are identical. I have already told you that when you have a pure desire based upon honest motive, the fact of your having that desire is 'evidence' to you that what you desire is already awaiting you in the invisible realm. Faith in its true sense is the imaging power within man. We have believed faith to be a vague, leaning, mental quality, often symbolized by a girl clinging to a cross amid dashing waves. This is a pretty poetic fancy, but faith is really a spiritual force, the superstructure of things we desire. It is imagination or mental

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formation. Faith is the faculty of mental imaging, or mental delineation. It underlies all the works of man. It is the superstructure which becomes clothed in visibility. We must have trust in our faith, a firm, unwavering trust. Trust is a spiritual force or faculty embraced in everyone."

"The woman who was healed of hemorrhage through touching the clothes of Jesus manifested faith, for Jesus said, 'Thy faith hath made thee whole.' He did not say, 'I have made thee whole,' but attributed her deliverance from the plague, which had held her in bondage for twelve years, to her own faith."

"Now, we can realize how intense was her desire to be healed, and lo, here was a great Healer. She longed to ask for help, but hesitated to approach him openly. We read, 'For she said within herself, if I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole.' Now, she must have mentally pictured herself getting near Him in the press of people and touching His robes. First she had an intense desire to be healed, which was accompanied by her mental picture of touching His robes and being freed from her infirmity. Acting through Will she carried out her intention, touched His clothes and was healed. Jesus, in His advanced spiritual state, recognized the mental call for help and asked who had touched Him. Then with great compassion He said unto the woman, 'Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole.' There was an example of the co-operation of Imagination, Desire and Will, and the practical result. 'Faith without works is dead.' Works are the visibility, the body of faith. Faith is the invisible substance of works."

"Thank you for a splendid definition of faith," the visitor exclaimed with enthusiasm.

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"Now," Jacob continued, "Imaginative-Desire is the bride of Will but without its husband it is unfruitful, unproductive, therefore it must be united to its partner. Will is the creative, active, positive principle in the consciousness of man, and these dual qualities, Imaginative-Desire and Will, which are of necessity embraced in the consciousness of all men and women alike, must co-operate. So when you desire money, employment or any good condition, state or thing, Will must co-operate with Imaginative-Desire for your ideal to become objectified. Will is not headlong force. Webster shows it in one sense as 'desire, intention, purpose or determination.' It is the creative, active agent that stirs Imaginative-Desire into operation and acts in unison with her. Now, you can see the value of having a well-grounded understanding of the basis of the science of wealth, for Will can act more potently, more forcefully, when you are assured of the definite Law governing the process. There is a great difference between visualizing money without the knowledge of the science of wealth, and intelligent mental picturing based upon the understanding of this science as I have unfolded it to you."

Continuing, Jacob said, "A man desired a home and wife. I told him that the answer was established in the unseen realm, and advised him to desire them intensely and affirm that he had them now, with definite purpose or determination, then vividly and clearly to picture himself living with a wife in a home such as he desired, mentally to see himself so placed and to feel the joy of having them. Not to merely *see* the conditions he desired but to *feel* them mentally. In the course of time he not only had a wife and a home but a family thrown in, for he married a widow with two nice children. He had not known her when he expressed his desire to me. I had

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instructed him not to focus his mind on any special woman or house, but to leave the selection to divine Law. It is a happy, suitable union and they live not far from here."

"Now, whatever your greatest desire is, let it be ardent. Because you know the truth you can honestly with strong determination affirm that what you desire is yours now. Then you must feel yourself enjoying possession of the thing or state which you desire. Mentally picture yourself in actual possession of it, and make your picture clear and vivid. If you desire a motor car see yourself owning one. See yourself sitting in it and handling it. Be firm in your picturing and feel yourself speeding along the roads with the satisfaction that would be yours supposing the objective car were already in your possession. But keep to your ideal, don't change it from day to day, or else you will get nowhere. If it is money you want, mentally see yourself in possession of gold, silver, copper and paper money, feel it as you receive it and pay it out again. Hear the clink of the metal or the rustle of the paper. Mentally write cheques and know that the bank of eternal supply, the Good Itself, is your bank and banker. See your wallet fat and firm, don't picture a sick, lean purse, or banking account. Feel and see yourself giving to others. Feel the happiness of giving *wisely* of your supply, and see the joy of those you help thus. It is the nature of eternal Love to out-pour freely for It is the infinite Giver, and you manifest Its capacity to give. A giver must have, in order to give, hence your supply is infinite. Don't trouble about where the money is to come from when you are mentally working for it. Do your mental work well. Money will come the right way and in due time, if you continue your exercises diligently. Then, when the actual money is externalized, or comes to your

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hand, regard it as your child. Welcome it as such. Think of it as mental for it is the product of your thought, your creation. Bless it as it comes to you and bless it as it leaves you to benefit others. There is more than appears on the surface in the feeling and act of gratitude. It is a spiritual force that, when happily and bountifully exercised, opens the way for greater blessings to follow. So be bountifully grateful."

"I remember a time when, in the early years of my study of the science of wealth and prosperity, it seemed as though I were about to lose the possession of a property through lack of enough money to meet my financial obligation on a certain date. It would have pleased and suited my creditor should I not be able to meet my debt. I was feeling very dejected, shame-stricken and hopeless over my position when suddenly I came to myself and realized how destructive were my gloomy thoughts. Then I reasoned with myself, thus: 'How would you feel, Jacob, if you had the money wherewith to pay that debt tomorrow?' Well, I thought about it and answered myself, saying, 'I would feel prosperous, happy, thankful, honourable and dignified.' Then I thought to myself, 'I already have prosperity, happiness, dignity and honour in my true self, and I want the visible money to represent these divine virtues in the present situation.' So with a great sense of gratitude I mentally and orally declared that I already had the means to pay the debt. Then I *felt* paper money, gold and silver. I *felt* the joy of having it and blessed the still invisible money. I mentally heard the paper rustle and the coins clink. I saw and felt myself going to pay the debt. Saw the look of surprise on the face of the man I was paying. Felt myself taking my receipt from his hands, and leaving his presence with light steps and lighter heart. I lived in that

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picture, though I had no idea how the money would come. Well, next morning I was introduced to a man whom I had once befriended. I got into friendly conversation with him and he commenced discussing very unfavourably the man to whom I owed the money. So I casually told him the wretched position I was in with the same individual. My friend grew excited and exclaimed, 'That rat! So he wants your farm, does he? But he won't get it. He did me a dirty trick once, and you did me a good turn which I can in a measure repay.' So saying, he took out his cheque book, wrote me a cheque for the amount I needed, told me to cash it, cancel my debt, and pay him back at any convenient time in the future. I was very soon able to repay him. So my demonstration worked out just as I had desired, pictured and willed, and it was a further proof to me of the power of creative thought. The joy of victory, of accomplishment, was mine. Victory was made visible."

Just here Mr. Millar related several interesting demonstrations of the teaching. Jacob then suggested that his daughter, who was present, should tell us of some cases among her circle of students, in which the divine Law had been proved effectual. She readily consented, and told of a woman who had a family of three children and a reprobate husband, who would not support them, but would thief from her all that he could lay his hands on of her earnings and belongings. She was working as sub-matron in an institution, and her children were each living in different homes. She longed to have her family together in a home of her own but years passed on and there seemed no prospect of her desire being fulfilled. She became interested in our science of prosperity, stopped grieving and worrying and became happy. She needed much en-

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couragement, but diligently applied the truth or science as Dadsey has taught you to do. This went on for two years. I was away for several months, when I returned I was invited to call and see her in a modern home with her children around her. It was a nice house, beautifully furnished to the minutest detail. It had cost her nothing. Added to this she had a liberal allowance of money granted to her monthly, besides having all taxes and expenses for the upkeep of the property paid for her as long as she lived there. Her husband had left her forever, and there she was in peace with her family. She said that it was all like a fairy tale to her and that it had come about so suddenly at the last, and from an unexpected source. Divine Law was working in the invisible realm wisely bringing her ideal to fruition while it seemed to her that nothing was happening in response to her mental work."

Continuing, Miss Morley said, "Today I had a letter from an unmarried lady of mature years who was totally unprovided for, in debt, unable to procure employment and with only a future of direst poverty facing her. She was terribly afraid of the future. She had been deeply steeped in old theology and was of a type of thought that must analyze everything presented to her from the intellectual viewpoint. She seemingly could not accept statements of truth intuitionally as many can. For years she worked in science with enough results to encourage her to keep on, but nothing of a very definite nature manifested itself. At length I noted a change in her manner, which I knew indicated an advanced stage in her mental growth that must out-picture in her human affairs. A more positive attitude of mind based on solid conviction was evidenced, and she would look at me and say, 'I shall be a credit to you and your teaching yet. I shall make good and

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prove the truth you have taught me.' Then the working of the divine Law was revealed in its own wonderful way. She has now an assured income, and since that has been granted to her, employment is almost chasing her."

"Another student of mine was a woman who was searching for a house. There were business reasons why she and her family should at once remove into or near the town to live. On all sides she was told that it was impossible to get a house to rent in town and to appearances this seemed to be the case. She kept on, realizing that there was the right house for her in the right place according to divine Law. She denied that there was any power to keep her away from her own, or her own away from her, that lack was not presence nor power, whether it appeared as lack of a house to rent, lack of health, or of any good thing. She realized her supply as present and pictured herself comfortably installed in a suitable house in a locality that she fancied. She saw a sale of furniture advertised and went along to view it, for she would need more furniture for the new house when it was found. She discovered that the house also was to be auctioned, and thought how she would like to have the nice house with such a beautiful garden and view of the ocean, but did not think of living there. Next day she attended the auction and the house was put up for sale first. She watched and heard the bidding, and was amazed when the auctioneer turned to someone in the assembly, saying, 'The property is yours, Mrs. ——.' The purchaser was my student's own sister, who had no idea of buying the house when she went to the sale, and neither sister knew that the other was present. The property was rented to my student. Thus within two days she was installed in a most

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desirable, well-furnished home, grateful beyond measure for the blessings divine Love had unfolded to her."

"A man urgently needed to sell his beautiful home because he needed money to avert a business collapse. His wife appealed to me for advice, for she already knew something of our teaching. He doubted that he could possibly get the full value of his home for it was believed to be a time of great financial depression, yet he required its full value. I advised her to stop thinking that no one wanted such a home, hadn't enough money to pay its full value, did not know where it was, for such negative thinking would stop the sale. She should deny these seeming obstacles as baseless, and her fear likewise, and realize the very opposite thoughts, and her husband should do the same. She was shown that no obstacle to success was ever made by God, and that the person who needed the house was as anxious to have it as they were to sell it. Nothing could keep the demand and supply apart, for divine Law would see to it if they would express their desire, picture its fulfillment and trustfully leave it to divine Law to be birthed forth. The house was sold within a fortnight from that day, the elderly purchaser having sought it most eagerly for a young bride-elect and willingly paid the price desired for it, besides buying a lot of the furniture. I could tell you crowds of other similar demonstrations of divine Law which prove that it is infallible. These students are all emphatic that happiness attracts success and that under all circumstances one should cultivate a happy temperament and express gratitude constantly for blessings received, never doubting that they come as the direct result of the mental work done. Thus is the way opened for greater blessings to come."

We thanked Gwen cordially as she finished her talk. I

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noted that she spoke with the same smooth flow of words that came so easily to her father. I had enjoyed watching her even more than listening to her voice.

Mr. Millar became deeply engaged in conversation with Jacob. Alf and I would have retired, but Gwen begged us to remain as the visitor would soon be leaving, for he wished to reach a point some miles farther on before midnight. Meanwhile, she interested us in relating some of her own experiences. Before long Mr. Millar prepared to leave, and promising to return in a few days' time, proceeded on his way.

Jacob then told us that he would soon be going away again for a fortnight or more, and advised us how to carry on during his absence. He spoke appreciatively of our work so far, and told Alf that soon he would be required to go to work at another place ten miles away.

Alf looked crestfallen and said, "I've been mighty 'appy 'ere, but I knew it must end."

"Not so," replied Jacob, "you're a good, honest worker. You should always be employed. What about your following the example of the man who wanted a home and wife? See if you can't find a suitable girl for a wife round these parts. Maybe, I shall soon want a couple to run a fruit farm, and it would not take you long to learn how to manage and find a wife as well. Then you will be round here always, and maybe own your own property some day."

To my surprise Alf was all confusion, as Jacob, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, finished speaking.

"It's George 'ere as desires a wife and 'ome," he said. "That was 'is desire when we first met you."

I reminded Alf that it was he who had suggested I wanted

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a home and wife, and that I had agreed that I could do with a home to share with my mother and sisters who were in the Old Country. Jacob smiled and told us that all we desired was waiting for us in the invisible realm, and to go on with our mental work, for the results were sure to follow.

Just then the sound of music attracted our attention, and Jacob arose, saying, "Let us see if Gipsy is going to sing 'The Song Triumphant'," and led the way to the adjoining room. It was daintily arranged and prettily furnished. The lights were nicely shaded and radiated a mellow glow over everything. Miss Morley looked to me sweetly charming as she sat at the piano running her fingers over the keys.

Reflected in a large mirror I caught sight of Alf summing up the situation in his usual observant manner. It was with great satisfaction, too, that I saw my own reflection there, for I was now well-dressed and groomed. I contrasted my appearance with what it had been when Jacob first met me on the tramp. Health, happiness and suitable clothes had transformed my appearance, and I thought, as I gazed at myself in the mirror, that my relations, could they see me, would be very satisfied with my appearance. I thought I sensed a quick look of approval on Miss Gipsy's face as she turned and spoke to me, but, of course, it was only my fancy, I assured myself.

Alf gave me a brisk poke in the ribs and contorting his face into a sly wink, whispered, "Ain't this roost next door to 'eaven? Picture yourself and me on the tramp, mate."

Jacob gave us cards with the song printed upon them. Then drawing our attention to the words and the majesty of the truth they expressed, he recited them to us.

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THE SONG TRIUMPHANT

"Child of the royal Father, Almighty King of Kings,
I claim my noble birthright, supply of all good things.
Wealth of His whole creation; All of Prosperity
Is God, the King, my Father, whose kingdom is in me.

Created He within me the virile, fertile seed
Of endless wealth and riches—but never want or need,
Hence poverty no longer serve I in fearsome woe;
Devoid of a Creator, its powerlessness I know.

Tho' want may hover round me, from it mine eyes I turn,
To see in mental vision the blessings that I yearn:
Already mine by birthright—in grateful strain I sing
Glad praise for all my blessings. Thanks to my Source, my
King.

My thoughts are filled with bounty, my feelings glow and
thrill,
With holy zeal I waken to do my Father's will.
To manifest His being, His power and majesty.
He is eternal Substance! He is Prosperity!

He is eternal Presence, Whom space can ne'er embrace,
No ill can lurk within Him, nor can want hold a place.
I sing a song triumphant, I breathe a prayer sublime,
In union with my Father, All Good is ever mine."

After he had finished his daughter sang it to the tune of a well-known hymn. Her rich contralto voice reminded me of that of one of my sister's at home, and enhanced the dignity and power of the already wonderful stimulating words of the song.

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"To enter into the true spirit of these lines," Jacob assured us, "and lose oneself in them is a thorough treatment for prosperity. The song has been a God-send to thousands of poverty-hunted, weary people who have used it wholeheartedly."

After Miss Morley had sung it through she played the accompaniment and Alf began to sing, Jacob joined him and I followed suit. It was a wonderful and somewhat touching experience to me. Thanking her for her graciousness in singing for us we wished her and Jacob goodnight and retired.

The prospect of parting from Alf indefinitely subdued me somewhat, for it seemed all uncertain what our future movements would be or whether we should ever travel together again. When we retired we talked of the wonder of the instruction we were enjoying, and the greatness of Jacob as a man, a friend and a true Christian. Alf declared that he loved Jacob "'ot and strong" and always would.

Naturally my thoughts turned to my own position and I began to realize that I could not always remain at "Prosperity" in Jacob's employ. With the help of a hefty lad, who carted fern tree trunks, rocks, mould and moss from a neighbouring native bush, and helped to excavate and construct, the fernery was ready for planting and the rockeries were heading that way. My duties would be in the hothouses now for awhile. There were tomatoes, grapes, flowers and orchids to be attended to. It seemed that for a few weeks I should be occupied, unless something unexpected occurred.

My association with Miss Morley had been very happy. All my work had pleased her immensely. She appealed to me for advice upon many occasions and always seemed ready to be

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guided by my judgment. Upon one occasion her father had said, jokingly, "I don't know how you manage Gipsy so well, it's more than I can do. With me she sticks to her own notions and never budes, but she seems more than ready to give in to you or accept your suggestions. You seem to get on very well together." I hoped that Jacob, who loved his daughter so much, was not feeling slighted as he said this.

Gipsy put her arms around her father's shoulders and hugging him, said coaxingly, "Dadsey, dear, you are not quite fair to me. I love to have your advice and suggestions in all that I want to do, for you are the dearest thing on earth."

"Yes, young lady," he replied, "but how many of my suggestions do you accept, while you seem to turn to George for his advice constantly? But there, you are the light of your father's life and I could not do without you. So be happy just as you are."

Gipsy had kissed her father and with a blushing face left him. I saw his expression of adoring devotion as he watched her out of sight and I realized what she meant to him. What he had said was true. His daughter did seem to rely on me and my advice and I felt honoured by her trust. Presently, as my thought dwelt on my possible departure in the comparatively near future, I realized that this would mean my separation from Miss Morley, and in that moment it seemed as though all the light had gone out of the future for me. I shrank from the thought that I was but a penniless tramp in their eyes, a drifting sundowner, practically unknown to them.

LESSON SEVEN

LAW OF CORRESPONDENCES

THE EVENINGS were becoming chilly, for Autumn was making her presence felt. Mr. Millar had arrived, on his return journey, and we were all assembled for another lesson which was being given for the older student's benefit. However, I had gained a great deal of light through listening to the last one and was glad of the opportunity of being present on this occasion. We were seated around a blazing wood fire.

"What shall I talk about?" asked Jacob.

Mr. Millar replied, "If it pleases you, I would like to hear more about the correspondence of visible things with their invisible realities."

"Very good," said Jacob. "The Law of correspondences gives one a basis for working out far-reaching possibilities."

"The Law of externalization also interests me very much," said Mr. Millar. "I firmly believe that the day will come when men and women through mental processes alone will bring into their human experiences the money they need and desire to use for unselfish purposes. I believe that there is an ever-present Law which we shall mentally contact whereby our needs will be supplied without the physical strain most humans now undergo in obtaining a living and providing for the future. Yesterday I had a strange experience. I was talking to a man upon this subject. He is a great sceptic and ridiculed the ideas I presented. He argued that it was impossible

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to materialize money, although I referred him to the story of Jesus having done so. I grew very intense in my declarations, and was assuring him with vehemence that it was possible if we knew how to make money appear in tangible form. I was emphasizing my statements by actions with my hands. I was not conscious of doing so until, as I pointed in a certain direction, my attention was arrested by the appearance of a ten shilling note on the ground before me. My friend and I looked at it in wonder, for it was a most unlikely place for it to be found in. He seemed much impressed, and I am thinking a great deal about it. I feel sure that I unconsciously operated a mental law through the intensity of my thought and brought that money into tangibility."

Jacob assured him that he had known of similar instances where money came into people's possession with no earthly means to account for its appearance. In every case there had been intense desire and firm trust preceding the appearance of the money. The more we grew to realize that so-called matter is a form of mentality, or is a mental state, the nearer we were approaching our desired goal.

He told us that it was only a matter of spiritual evolution. Time would bring to pass that desired end. Mankind was fast advancing towards it. What had been done in the past it was possible to do now, for the divine Law was unchanging. First, there must be unshaken confidence in the possibility of such an accomplishment, and absolute trust in the invisible Presence to manifest Itself and fulfill all true desires. While grateful for supply through whichever channel it came to us in response to our spiritual understanding and mental work, we should still aim for the highest demonstration of the Law

LAW OF CORRESPONDENCES

of externalization. "All things are possible to him that believeth." "Nothing shall be impossible unto you."

Continuing, he said, "Sometime I hope to have the opportunity of showing you something of the spiritual meaning of Genesis 1. It is a purely symbolic statement. Every object therein mentioned is a representative of some spiritual reality which is included in spiritual man. It is very interesting and enlightening when understood.

"When I asked my teacher why she spoke of God as the Father-Mother Principle of man and the universe she told me that the spiritual record of creation gave her authority to do so, for it stated that God said, 'Let us make man in *Our* image after *Our* likeness, and let *them* have dominion, etc.'; also, 'God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him, *male and female* created He them, and God blessed them.' Gen. 1.

"Now this statement could not possibly be taken literally," Jacob said. "The divine Us, Who expresses Itself in man is Spirit. It embraces within Itself the dual divine qualities, which in visible creation are taken as father and mother. Because divine man is the very expression of the divine Us, he, too, embraces these dual masculine-feminine qualities within him.

"I have in a measure shown you," Jacob continued, "that as expressions of the Creator, the Father-Mother Principle, all men and women embrace within themselves the masculine-feminine qualities. The masculine is the intelligent, active, positive, creative side of mind, and the feminine is the intuitional, loving, passive or conceptive side of man's mental nature, and these two sides are within all individuals alike,

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whether called male or female. The more evenly these two sides of man's dual nature are balanced the more perfectly they co-operate. The heart and lungs in the human organism are the visible correspondences of the masculine-feminine qualities in man's mentality. As in the animal kingdom male and female blend and co-operate in the conception of the embryo, and as the embryo bearing within itself the powers of development and expulsion matures and comes forth into visibility, so do feminine Imaginative-Desire and masculine Intelligent-Will blend and co-operate in the formation of a mental ideal. The ideal in the consciousness of man has within itself the powers of growth, development and expulsion, and in due time is brought to actuality in one's human experience. It is brought from the abstract into the concrete. In the invisible realm the mental conception, the ideal, matures and in due course becomes externalized, even as in physical conception and birth the human embryo does.

"Man is mental, he is spiritual consciousness. The human form is mental. Every part of the human body is the visible correspondence of some part of man's interior spiritual selfhood. In other words, every part of the external man is a type and representative of some divine faculty, quality or energy included in the internal man. For instance, the brain represents and corresponds to the divine region of man's consciousness called intelligence. The heart corresponds to love; the lungs correspond to wisdom; the hands, arms and shoulders to spiritual power; the feet to eternal Substance—'that which stands under'; the liver to purification; the kidneys to spiritual understanding, or the power to separate the real from the unreal, the true from the false; the eyes to spiritual intuition. Now, the womb typifies or corresponds to that part of man's

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mental anatomy which is the spiritual capacity to accept truth, to receive ideals and to nurture and birth them forth into visibility. This spiritual capacity exists in all alike, whether called man or woman, remember. Throughout visible creation every object is the visible correspondence, type or representative of some invisible spiritual reality. Every reality, be it quality or force, is included in spiritual man who is spiritual consciousness. Gold, silver, copper, diamonds, pearls, money are all representatives of invisible spiritual realities that are within man. Gold mines, trees, rivers, deserts, oceans, lakes, animals, birds, as expressions of divine Mind, all have their soul or spiritual identities as surely as man has his, and these spiritual identities are included in man, who is the compound manifestation of eternal Mind, creative Principle. Thus you can comprehend the statement that in reality 'man includes the universe within himself.' Man is a re-creator. He embraces the creative power within himself as shown in Genesis 1, and must manifest that power. Now, for the moment I am especially considering such spiritual qualities as reception, conception and externalization, or the mother region of mind, of which the physical womb is the tangible correspondence. This region exists in the consciousness of men and women alike, and performs the same mental office in either sex.

"Now, you will see where your ideal rests and matures until it becomes externalized to you. In the mental womb of your consciousness your desire, your ideal, is hidden, where it matures and fructifies until it is duly produced in tangible form. This region of consciousness is wonderful. It is what the great Reformer referred to when he said, 'He shall take of mine and show it unto Me.' It takes one's ideals which are products or offspring of Imaginative-Desire (mother) and Intelligent-

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Will (father). It nurtures them and presents them in due course as visible things or uses. This region of consciousness takes the ideals implanted in her as mother earth takes into her fructifying womb the seed planted therein, and through orderly invisible processes ushers its product forth into visibility. Or, as the female organ in the animal kingdom receives, matures and ushers forth its product. Rest assured that your ideal is being taken care of and will be made tangible to you if you trust with expectation.

"Now, when one understands this analogy one can intelligently deposit one's mental desires, hopes, aims and ambitions, which, when intelligently conceived and mentally pictured constitute our ideals, into the spiritual mother womb, with trust and confidence that through divine Law they will be nurtured there until ultimately they are birthed into tangible existence. But the ideal, when placed there, must be protected from doubt, fear and discouragement, from instability and impatience, for these negative mental forces cause protracted birth, or perhaps the death of the ideal. Once the ideal is entrusted to the mental mother heart to grow and thrive, it should be sheltered and protected by loving expectancy, firm trust, resolution and confidence until sooner or later, through its innate power of expulsion it is projected into our visible human experience. Through my years of experience in this science I have grown to know this part of my mental anatomy well. When my burning desire for anything is united to my firm will, and I have it vividly worked out as a mental picture or formation on the same lines that I have explained to you, it is my ideal. I then mentally deposit it in the mother womb region of my inner consciousness and with trust and confidence leave it there. Because I know that this region of

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myself is omniscient, conscious and active I even go so far as to regard her as a friend. I speak with deep feeling, either mentally or orally as I may feel inclined to, somewhat as follows: 'Good Mother, this, my ideal, is already generated and endowed with life, form, consciousness, volition and action, and now within thy fruitful breast I trustfully leave it. Receive it, and through thy right processes clothe it in tangible form and birth it forth into my environment. As the manifestation of eternal, creative Mind thou art ever creative. Thy wisdom and power are unlimited and thy time is now. Holy Mother, thy divine office is to birth invisible realities into objectivity, that the Word may be made flesh. I rest with happy confidence in thy infallible wisdom, love and expulsive power. I trust thee with my ideal. It is so. So it is.'

"Fervently and with firm trust I perform this important part of my mental work. So easy is it to me now that I can often make the impression without the aid of words. Sooner or later my ideal becomes tangible, or objectified, and I see, as it were, my own creation, my child, my ideal, birthed forth into my environment. Then my feeling of gratitude is unbounded that God, Good, is thus revealed."

Silence reigned for a moment, then Mr. Millar asked if that might be what some call sub-conscious mind.

"It is," replied Jacob. "You may call it what you like. It takes your mental creations into its care until you see them as things. To thus intelligently place your desire in the fruitful mother heart of your consciousness with implicit trust in the divine operation to mature it and birth it forth into tangibility is science, as results show. To understand intelligently the principle of mental formation and work accordingly must, of

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course, bring forth better results to you than could be gained from giving haphazard suggestions or commands to an uncertain something called sub-conscious mind.

"An interesting story is related in Genesis, 30:31, of a certain man named Jacob who understood and intelligently operated the creative power of thought. This man had worked for Laban, his father-in-law, for fourteen years, his reward being Leah and Rachel, who became his wives. His duty was tending Laban's flocks, and so successful was he in his work that the flocks multiplied exceedingly and Laban became very wealthy, but he was not generous to Jacob. At length Jacob desired to journey with his wives and children back to his own country and kindred, and asked him for means to do so. However, yielding to Laban's persuasion, he consented to remain and still tend his flocks. For his hire he asked that all the spotted and speckled among the cattle and goats should be given to him, and that all the spotted and speckled progeny that should be born among the flocks should be his also. Laban willingly agreed to this request. So the spotted and speckled and 'all the cattle that had some white in them' were sorted out and given to Jacob. These were separated and kept apart from Laban's flocks. It came about that under Jacob's management the spotted and speckled cattle increased and multiplied immensely so that Jacob became wealthy, while Laban's flocks decreased. This caused Laban's sons to be angry with Jacob. Jacob justified himself by pointing out that it was a square deal, for it had been agreed that all the speckled and spotted cattle were to be his wages and it had come about that the majority born were spotted, speckled and ringstraked.

"It was not by chance that Jacob increased his wealth

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through producing spotted and speckled animals. He understood the creative energy of thought, and stands as an ancient example for us all. He discovered that all we see around us in the visible or objective realm must first be subjective or mental and be brought forth from the subjective through the creative energy of thought, which is ever within, though perhaps latent, in man. He realized that through man's creative energy of thought and will he could create subjective ideals and cause them to become objective, and the power could be used not only for spiritual unfoldment but for material advancement also. He discovered that by the creative energy of thought he could manifest not only through himself but also through the kingdoms below him. Through this understanding he controlled the thinking and conception of the cattle so that they brought forth ringstraked and spotted progeny, thus adding to his wealth. He knew the creative energy of thought to be something more than an intangible, undefined, volatile power that in a haphazard manner acted upon solid substance outside of itself. He may have regarded the universe as wholly mental, which it really is, instead of a matter substance, acted upon by an intangible force called thought. He knew, what we have been slow to understand, that Imaginative-Desire and Intelligent-Will combined is the creative energy which is thought. That it acts involuntarily whether we are ignorant of its existence or not, but acts with direct potency when it is understood and intelligently applied. He knew that *thinking*, *seeing* and *feeling* were correlative forces that must co-operate in externalizing. So, in order to guide and control the conception of his cattle he gave them a picture to gaze on. He took rods from the poplar, hazel and chestnut trees and skinned the bark off in rings and patches, and 'made

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the white appear which was in the rods.' In other words, he made the rods ringstraked, spotted and speckled, and these he laid in places and positions where, when the cattle were at the gutters and drinking troughs quenching their intense thirst, their thinking would be guided by his will, their sight should be fixed and their attention concentrated upon the speckled rods. No doubt, it was intentionally arranged by Jacob that the animals should be intensely thirsty, and that pro-creative process among the animals should occur at this place and time. At any rate, we read, 'And the flocks conceived before the rods and brought forth cattle ringstraked, speckled and spotted.' He also 'set the faces of the flocks towards the ringstraked,' not towards Laban's plain coloured cattle, thus guiding their vision and strengthening their concentration and mental picturing on the right model.

"By his thinking he not only controlled the mentality of the animals in this way but he also used his own mental energies, and this without the aid of rods or any visible thing upon which to concentrate. His was purely a mental process demonstrated solely in the mental realm, for, while the animals were at the drinking troughs conceiving, he held in his mind the mental picture of the animals themselves, especially of the males, as ringstraked, spotted and speckled. So it is evident that Jacob understood the creative energy which is thought, and the part that mental picturing, feeling and concentration play in the re-creative process, or in bringing into objectivity invisible desires and ideals. This example has been of inestimable value to me. It is not necessary to have a material object as a model, for, in mentality is the model mentally formed. Some people erroneously think they need a material object to help hold their thought to invisible subjects.

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"The wife of a friend of mine gave birth to a child whose features were rat-like to a disastrous extent. This was said to be due to a shock she had received before the child was born. She had a great horror of rats, and in the dusk one evening when entering a room, what she believed to be a large rat jumped towards her and touched her shoulder. She fainted from fright. It was not a rat that touched her but she thought it was, and as her thought feared and pictured a rat the impression was moulded into the features of her unborn child. What she really saw and touched was a pigeon. One of the children had brought its pet into the house and forgotten to set it free again before evening. It was disturbed at the woman's entrance into the room. It fluttered around and touched her. Through fear her mental concept of a rat was so vividly impressed and implanted in the creative externalizing region of her consciousness that it objectified visibly.

"Having the creative energy as an essential part of our God-being and knowing it, we fail in our duty if we do not intelligently use it for our spiritual and material advancement. You see what wonders we can do if we will. There is no limit to our possibilities. Within our mental store-houses we have the powers of concentration, resolution, form, visibility, tangibility or externality and can intelligently exercise them. Doubt is limitation and is the only barrier. We must not doubt our power to accomplish great things."

At this juncture Miss Morley, who had not been present, came into the room and replenished the fire which had burnt very low.

"How is the lesson progressing, Dadsey?" she asked.

"Very well," answered her father. "We have just finished.

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George and Alf have been very quiet. The lesson has been deep for them."

"Never mind," she said, addressing us, "even without these last two lessons you have been taught enough to enable you to rise to great heights of prosperity, if you will only practice what you know. I hope Dadsey has told you tonight how intensely and continuously you must trust and know that divine Law is working out your problems in the invisible realm once you have placed them there."

We assured her that we were trying hard to practise the teaching, and would be sorry when the lessons ended. Speaking for myself, I told her that I had benefited a great deal through attending the lessons given for Mr. Millar's pleasure. Alf was somewhat fidgety and soon withdrew. Jacob asked me to remain as he wanted to have a few words with me.

Addressing me, Gwen said, "If Dadsey has not yet talked about Everpresence, George, you must get him to do so, for to me it is an invaluable part of our teaching."

Mr. Millar was remaining the night at "Prosperity." He was regarded as an intimate friend in the household, and accompanied Gwen when she left the room for the purpose of attending to the preparation of supper.

"Your daughter is a very wonderful young lady," I remarked to Jacob as they retired. "She seems to accomplish anything she sets her heart on and is very wise. She has been wonderfully patient with me in my clumsy efforts to carry out her ideas, which kindness I appreciate very much."

"She understands that you have not always been used to

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such employment. Let me see, you were used to secretarial and office work, weren't you?"

"Yes, in youth my great ambition was to be an author and write books," I told him, "but through my father's death our means became so limited that I had to earn a living as soon as possible. A literary career was not the way for me to do it. As I could not do things by halves, I gave up the idea of ever being an author and set my mind on what employment I found at hand."

Referring again to Miss Morley, I told Jacob that I would never forget her kindness to me and that Alf also appreciated her goodness, while we both were ever thankful that he had met and befriended us.

He then began to tell me how wonderful his wife had been and how much Gipsy was like her mother in ways and appearance; that he had been wonderfully blessed because his daughter had not married and left home long ago, as most of her girl friends had done. "If ever she does leave me," said me, "I shall miss her, for she is dearer to me than all the world. Through prosperity I have been able to give her the comforts that poverty prevented me from giving to her mother, and she will never be poor."

"One would not wonder if so fine a girl had been carried off before now," I ventured to say.

"No serious attachment has ever arisen in her life. She has had several intimate male friends but none of them have so far won her heart," he said, with a smile.

I was listening earnestly to what he was saying and sug-

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gested that I was afraid she would be very much at a loss and would miss him sorely if any circumstances removed him out of her life.

He explained that he often thought of that, and more seriously as the years advanced. After a little hesitation he told me that there was only one man he knew of to whom he would care to hand the charge of Gipsy, one whom he felt would be worthy of her.

"I am very attached to that man," said he. "I would welcome him as a son but Gipsy has no thought of such an arrangement, nor has he for that matter. Indeed, I am so attached to him that independent of any matrimonial consideration I intend to give him a good start in life for he is not well off. My coming visit to the city is mainly for the purpose of re-arranging and adjusting my personal affairs, and among other things I intend to do something practical for that man to forward his future success in life."

"He is a fortunate individual," I remarked. "Fortunate in that you judge him suitable as a husband for your daughter as well as worthy of your financial help."

"I'm glad you think so, George. You realize, of course, that what I have unfolded to you is of a private nature."

"I appreciate and shall respect your confidence," I replied.

Jacob gave me some directions regarding certain things to be carried out during his absence. He would leave home in a few days' time for at least three weeks. He desired that at the beginning of the next week Alf should leave "Prosperity" for the farm where work of a similar nature to that which he

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had been doing awaited him. I was to keep an eye on things at the homestead, but in the event of emergency help being called for at a neighbouring estate I was asked to go over and lend a hand.

Somehow, this evening, I did not relish the coffee so much as usual, for Jacob's confidence had started a new train of thought and aroused a bewildering realization within me.

Early next morning Mr. Millar looked us up to bid us farewell.

"We are fellow students now," he said with a genial smile. "You are both so earnest that I am sure you will become prosperous, as I have done, through this science of prosperity. An affirmation which Jacob gave to me in the early days of my study helped me greatly in dispelling the mesmeric belief that I was poor," he said. "Even now I use it with benefit. Would you like to have it?"

Assuring him that we would, I proceeded to take down the words as he dictated them. "I am awake, and know that I cannot be poor. Infinite abundance is mine now. It pours into me and through me, as the sun pours in and through its rays. I am wealthy and wise now, because I manifest God, Good. I know it and feel it. I know it and feel it. I know it and feel it *now*."

"You make your affirmations as though you realize that the truths you affirm are part of you, rather than bald statements outside of yourself. I would like to feel that way," I said to him as he finished.

"Yes," said he. "At first I *believed* that in reality I was

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what I claimed to be, but had not the *absolute conviction*. Gradually the believing state became absolute conviction through my steady repetition of the positive truths of Being. As a child I learnt my multiplication table by daily repetition that twice one are two, etc., until the fact became part of myself, and I no longer sought outside of myself to ascertain that twice two are four. The tablet of my mentality was clean and receptive, not tarnished by years of false education on the subject, hence I assimilated the statements readily. When I commenced declaring, 'I am wealthy, prosperous and successful because Good is my Source' it needed greater resolution and persistence to make me feel that I was what I declared myself to be, because my mentality had been tarnished by false doctrines regarding man and his Creator. It was slower work than when I learnt the multiplication table. However, I insistently kept up the repetition of my positive affirmation of truth and now I feel that I am what I declare I am. It will be the same with you if you persevere," he concluded as he bade us farewell.

LESSON EIGHT

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VERY CONFLICTING were my thoughts when, after a restless night, I awoke next morning. The changes about to take place and disrupt the respite from penury, which Alf and I had enjoyed during the past three months, cast a shadow of uncertainty over me. Alf and I were to part, and whether or not our paths in the future would lie together we neither of us knew. I had grown deeply attached to the little chap who had been such a staunch friend to me in my time of need. Then, Jacob was going away for an indefinite time, during which I might have to leave "Prosperity" and go to work on another estate, with no assurance that I should ever return. Overshadowing all was the knowledge that, in the event of my leaving "Prosperity" I was separating from Jacob's daughter, in whom, in a friendly way, I had become so interested during the months I had worked in close contact with her.

At first she had interested me greatly, so that I had taken pleasure in analyzing her nature, which more and more impressed me as quaint, practical and very likeable. While she was wise and resolute to a degree far above that of the average woman, she was withal not the least masculine in her personality, nor dominating in her manner. Owing to her affluent position in life and abundance of this world's goods, she might have been justified in displaying pride and arrogance, yet her

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manner to everyone, including myself, was self-effacing and considerate. Self-effacement, which is so often exploited and imposed upon as a license for impertinence by crude natures, in her case forbade anyone to take liberties, but rather lent a distinct air of dignity that no one would presume upon. Her years might have warranted a reserved mentality, yet, coupled with this was a merriness and quaint, simple naiveness that formed a strange yet attractive combination of virtues. I had grown to understand her different moods, and it was my pleasure, although she was not aware of it, to accommodate myself to them. And now, alas, it seemed more than probable that our ways would part, and what right had I to regret it, I asked myself. Had I not dropped from the blue into her environment, just as other men whom Jacob had picked up on the wayside had done. The more I thought on it the more something within me sickened at the prospect of leaving "Prosperity" and Jacob's daughter, (whom I was mentally speaking of no longer as Miss Morley, but in terms of "Gwen").

The intensity of Jacob's love for his daughter and her undivided love for him appealed to me as touching, for behind it was the sad love story of a man's loyalty to the memory of the wife of his heart, who had died leaving him a living gift, even his Gipsy. Whoever would have the heart to break that bond of affection between father and child! And yet, had not Jacob himself told me that there was a man he would willingly entrust her to while he himself receded into the background, although he felt sure that Gipsy herself had no thought in that direction? This remembrance was the most harrowing of my troubled thoughts.

So deep was I in my brooding that I was awakened with a

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start by a slap on the shoulder, and Alf saying, "Come on, mate, keep yer pecker up. 'ow do we know what divine Law 'as in store for us if we think right. I'm thinking you're off the right track. I intends to be fair to Everpresence, as Jacob calls it, and know that worry, sorrow and fear can't be where Presence is."

"Thank you, Alf, old man," I replied. "Your words are a stimulant."

I was thinking how easy it was for Alf, who had so much less to worry him than I had, to be optimistic.

As though divining my thoughts, he said, "Suppose you are mighty sorry for yourself, and thinks it's easier for me than you. I can be as sorry for meself as you if I likes, for, shiver me timbers, if you only know it, this bloke as is me 'as a world of worry."

"Worry, Alf?" I exclaimed in surprise. "What is your worry?"

"There you are asking questions," replied he petulantly. "Guilty conscience if it's anything. Perhaps you remember when Jacob first talked to us about truth, I said, 'Maybe it might make a better man of me.'"

With greater surprise than ever I exclaimed, "Guilty conscience! Why, Alf, what the deuce have you ever done wrong?"

"There you are agin," he said, more petulantly than before. "Shut up! Stealing meat pies, maybe."

Saying which, he threw himself feet aloft and head downwards on the floor, and commenced dancing on his hands. At this I laughed heartily, for it was the first time I had seen him

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in this position since we had retired from swagging it. Just then we were called to breakfast, after which we went to our different duties.

I was busy in one of the tomato houses, where a late crop needed attention, and was mounted high on a ladder strengthening lines which were weakening through the weight of the heavily laden vines that clung to them, when later on in the morning Gwen came into the greenhouse. She was needing help in one of the conservatories where she had been trying to move some pot plants that were too heavy for her to manage. She stood with scissors in hand clipping leaves off the tomato plants while I descended from my perch, and then we went out together. While Gwen was not observing me I watched her closely and never had she appeared to me more sweetly charming. I watched her careful handling of the beautiful flowers and listened to her talking coaxingly to the plants, which she declared heard her and loved her as she loved them.

"You know, George, they grow so well for me because I love them and talk to them. They have souls as we have, as well as visible bodies. I have planted seeds in a box or a bed, and have then divided the bed in two. I have tended and watered both halves alike but bestowed no special love on one half, while on the other I have regarded the seeds as little souls and have told them I loved them, and was waiting for them to open their hearts to me that I might see their beauty. I've told them they were divine, living things, and the result has been that those I thus cared for grew much more quickly than those I took no special notice of. No doubt, if I had hated and condemned the other half they would have perished. Such is the power of thought. Often I have saved

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a plant from destruction by blight through the power of right thinking. I've seen wonderful things done this way among flowers and crops."

"That is very interesting," I told her.

"When I was a child and father's fruit crops meant much to him, he was, one season, threatened with the loss of his crop of sturmers, for red spider had attacked his and all the orchards in the district. Father was greatly concerned and fear got hold of him, for the failure of his crop would have meant financial calamity. So, feeling that he could not cope with the situation he appealed to his teacher for help. She wrote to him re-assuringly, reminding him that there was no space to thought and promising to give absent mental treatment for the protection of the orchard and crop. She told him to hold a firm realization of the All Presence of Good, and that evil had no place to occupy in the orchard or anywhere. Now, our orchard was in the midst of other orchards, between which was no other division than wide, grassy paths. Well, the result was that father's crop was very satisfactory and his fruit was the best he had ever had. Indeed, he was asked that some of it might be exhibited in the shop of a leading seed merchant in the city. While, in the surrounding orchards, the trees all stood with yellow leaves, father's orchard was a picture of green, thriving trees, to the wonder of everyone who came through the district."

"That is very wonderful," I was forced to admit, "but I wondered while I listened to you whether you consider insects, including blight, as forms of life, and if so, whether it is lawful to use mental power to kill them."

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"The teacher did not work mentally to kill anything, but to protect the orchard," Gwen replied. "She classed the orchard itself as a manifestation of eternal Mind, or a spiritual idea, and also every tree in it as such. She realized that no so-called evil power could destroy a spiritual idea of divine Mind. She denied that God had created a destructive force that could destroy the orchard or the crop, and realized, or affirmed the One Only Presence and Power. She classed the fruit crop as the manifestation of wealth, for that is what it represented to us, and declared that God had not created an evil force of any classification that could destroy Good. Father, too, took up the thought that his crop was the visible manifestation of wealth, Good, divine Love, and was his supply of which he could not be deprived by any discordant presence or power. The teacher denied such suppositions as chance, fate or luck. She held for perfect Law governing man and his supply: that father's wealth was eternal and could not be deprived of its visible manifestation or body, the crop. She declared that there was no reality in robbery, nor in destruction, to deprive us of our own. Then she mentally pictured the orchard clean, healthy and prosperous. I, too, did my part, in a childish way, by declaring that God gave Dadsey his crop, which was as money to him, and that he could not be robbed and cheated by blight or anything, because divine Love protected him and his apples. The result was a beautiful proof of the power of the One Only Presence, the All Good. So you see, George, nothing was done to kill anything, and yet our crops were preserved and our orchard remained healthy."

"There was a time of drought when flocks and herds were

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being starved to death. A man whom Dadsey had started on a farm and had taught this science, used it in the same way for the preservation of his flock of some hundreds of sheep. He regarded the animals as representatives of, or the counterpart of wealth, and realized that drought was not of divine order, hence could not destroy his prosperity. He claimed that his sheep were the equivalent of the money he should get for them in a few months to pay his way with. He told us how he sat out in his fields and held to science for the health of the grass. He realized that grass was a degree manifestation of Life. The life of the grass was eternal Mind, Life, the Good, divine Love, and in that life was no lack of any of its requirements, warmth, moisture or growth. He mentally pictured the grass being supplied with its needs, his fields green and flourishing and the sheep feeding and fat. Soon he was able to invite a neighbour to put some of his animals in with his own to graze, so plentiful was the grass in his paddocks. Upon another occasion he claims to have produced rain through the realization of the All Presence of Good."

"What I am telling you is absolute truth, George," she declared with animation, looking me through with bright, clear eyes.

I thanked her again and assured her that I quite believed her testimonies and that I knew all things were possible through the understanding of divine Law.

I was aroused to a remembrance of the fact, that while I was so willingly standing listening to the interesting things Gwen was telling me my work was being neglected. I could have listened to her forever, it seemed to me, and revelled in

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watching the light and shade of her expressive countenance and her pleasing gestures as she talked fluently and naturally to me.

I made a move towards the door but paused to remark on the beauty of some ferns that flourished in a corner of the greenhouse.

"You like ferns, George, don't you? I thought so, for you often have a leaf pinned on your coat."

So saying, she reached forward, picked a frond, and in the most natural manner pinned it on my pull-over. The act was so simply done that I was taken by surprise and a sense of embarrassment caused me to feel awkward and foolish. She continued talking while she secured the fern, which eased the situation for me somewhat, until the great pleasure I experienced through her act superseded the embarrassment, and I could smile back into her bright, beaming eyes.

"You know, George, I call my ferns, Yesterday, Today and Forever, for unlike the flowers they do not leave me for a season but stay with me all the time. I love them dearly," she said, with a whimsical expression, as she finished her self-imposed task.

I told her that I thought her idea of the ferns was quaint and pretty, and with my heart bounding within me I left her standing there. In a brief moment, just through that simple, intimate act of hers, it seemed that my outlook on life was changed for I realized that yesterday, today and forever Jacob Morley's daughter was all the world to me. It seemed to come as a shock to me, yet I knew in my heart that the only difference was, that I now admitted to myself that I loved Gwen with intense affection, while before I had not per-

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mitted myself this admission, though my love for her had been just as great. So between morn and mid-day this exquisite change had taken place in my mind and body, for mentally I had abandoned myself to the intoxication of this moment, in which I admitted to myself my deep love for Jacob Morley's daughter. And bodily I was thrilled with buoyancy that made me feel like a happy lad. My position in life, my obligation to her father, my uncertain future, were all forgotten for the moment as I let myself revel in my new-found joy. But, I told myself, never must Gwen know of my love for her. This must be buried within myself forever. Not by word, look or deed must I ever reveal to her a hint of my affection. I had yet to realize what an almost impossible task I had laid out for myself. One that could only be carried out in justice to Jacob through my strong sense of loyalty to him, gratitude for his goodness to me and my deep attachment to him.

When in the evening we gathered for our lesson I was somewhat subdued by the reminder of his approaching departure for the city. I remembered that part of his business, while he was away, would be to advance the financial interests of the young fellow he looked upon favourably as one worthy of being entrusted with the lifelong care of his Gipsy, and of becoming his son. Also, the prospect of my early removal from "Prosperity" hung over me as a cloud. However, I put all worrying thoughts aside and devoted my attention to the spirit of the lesson, which Jacob unfolded to us.

"Tonight I shall talk on the subject of Omnipresence, which, as Gipsy has told you, is one of great interest."

"We understand that Creative Principle is Good in Itself,

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that It is infinite Perfection, and also that It is Omnipresence, hence there is in reality neither time nor space for evil to occupy. It is very Instantaneity in Itself. Now, think on this. Light and darkness cannot occupy the same place. Darkness cannot be where light is. Light can never know darkness, for where light is darkness cannot be, hence the scripture, 'The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.' Light excludes darkness absolutely, as All Presence destroys absence, for absence is the supposed opposite of Presence. Good is Presence in Itself, the One and Only Presence to which there is no opposite, no absence, no separation. It is the Supreme Positive to which there is no negative. It is impossible for Presence to know, or to be absence, hence, because Presence is Good, Love, divine Light, It has no opposite. It can have no opposite. This shows that in the absolute sense all that appears as evil in man's mind, body or environment is only a false sense, a claim that Good, All Presence, is absent and that an evil presence has installed itself in the place of God. The fact is, evil can never take the place of Good. It appears to, but the appearance is only a false sense. It is the degree in which we do not yet realize the All Presence. Now a clear understanding of the All Presence of Good and the consequent absence of evil is, in itself, a mighty power that heals diseases of mind and body, as well as destroys the false belief in evil, want, ill-success, poverty, or lack of money. Where Good, Plenty, Bounty is, evil or lack is not. The conscious recognition of All Presence is, in itself, a spiritual energy that destroys poverty, want and all seeming evils in the mind, and eliminates them from the environment of man. In the consciousness that knows only Good as present, no thought or

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feeling of want can lurk. No appearance of want, poverty or ill-success can be present in the human affairs of those who realize All Presence. The absolute Good is never absent. I trust that I make a somewhat difficult point clear. It will unfold to you if you practise what you know. When occasion arises deny the presence of evil and affirm the All Presence, which is Perfection Itself. Thus you will attain to the consciousness that knows only Good and sees and feels only Good in all Its varied manifestations."

"What you explain is a revelation to me," I assured him. "I can see, in a measure, the meaning of 'Thou shalt have no other God before me' for, while we are acknowledging that we are poor and poverty is present, we are denying the presence of All Presence, God Itself, and apparently putting poverty and evil in Its place."

"Exactly so," agreed Jacob.

"Because my mind is Good there should be no part of it holding the lie that I am poor or that poverty is present. I should really affirm that my mind is Good, God, hence there is no part of it that can think poverty, because all my consciousness is Good, Presence Itself. Any part of my mind that thinks poverty is no mind. It is as darkness, negation, which disappears before my realization of the All Presence of wealth. Am I right?"

"Perfectly."

"Then, I suppose that if I get things right in my mind on this point, my business life will be prosperous, and the evidences of poverty will disappear?" I suggested.

"Yes, Good Itself is eternal Mind, your mind, and there is

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no place in eternal Mind for the belief of poverty to locate. You manifest Omniscience, Who is conscious only of Good. Because Good, the All Presence, is never absent you must claim that in your business life only prosperity is present, and deny the appearance of poverty, then realize, mentally picture, and feel the affluent conditions you desire. The greater your realization of All Presence in Its absolute meaning the greater your deliverance from evil will be, until finally the Supreme Positive state of realization will be reached when evil will be entirely eliminated. To the Supreme Positive state of consciousness there is no negative. 'In thy light shall we see light.' "

"Is my very consciousness of the All Presence of wealth in itself a spiritual force that destroys poverty?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Then, I suppose I should realize that wealth is Good and is Presence, hence is never absent?"

"Yes."

"Could I realize that the wealth of all the gold, silver and diamond mines of the world is mine and everybody's as well—that all the wealth of the ocean, earth and air is mine and everyone's because everything good in the visible realm has its counterpart within man?"

"Yes, you should think so, George. Such a broad realization is splendid. There is not a thing in the visible universe the spiritual reality of which is not embraced in your spiritual selfhood, hence you should feel rich, and remember, money is the body of wealth, which becomes tangible to us through our creative, mental energy. Also remember that there is no mat-

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ter substance apart from mind in all the universe. All is Mind. God, Mind is Its own manifestation.'

"If I am the manifestation of Omnipresence I should be conscious of being everywhere at once, because absence, time and space should be unknown to me," I suggested.

"Ultimately you will reach that stage of consciousness as your Brother Jesus did. We shall all reach it eventually," I was told.

"It is a stage of consciousness into which we are all evolving. In it the fondest dream of the alchemist and the prophecy that 'Time should be no longer' is fulfilled. This state of consciousness excludes time and space as physically conceived of. To it, Now, is the only time, and Here, is the only place. The Nazarene understood this, as evidenced by His words to His devoted followers, when they anxiously pressed Him to take food. 'Say not ye, there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.' There will be no need of money in that day of spiritual evolution, for instantaneous supply for all needs will be at hand, nor will humans earn their bread by the sweat of their bodies."

I but faintly grasped the truth Jacob had unfolded. I marvelled, but my wonder I could not express in words.

He realized my state of mind and smiled at me, saying, "I understand, George. It will become clearer to you. We must all keep the goal before us to encourage us on our upward (onward) mental journey."

"Will you please explain further about the Supreme Positive state of consciousness?" I asked.

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"Yes. It is commonly believed that every positive implies a negative, such as light and darkness; good and evil; life and death; joy and sorrow; etc., but there is the Supreme Positive to which there is no negative. To understand the nature of the Supreme Positive means a new state of consciousness for mankind, individually and collectively. It is a state of consciousness we shall all eventually attain to. The search of the alchemist, the philosopher, the scientist, down the ages has been for the Supreme Positive, which is a state of consciousness. They have been unaware of the real object of their search."

"The Supreme Positive is that to which there is no opposite, no negative. It is Good Itself to which there is no evil, Life to which there is no death, Light to which there is no darkness, Presence to which there is no absence, no distance, no separation. It is Presence, which eliminates time and space. The Supreme Positive is the Supreme Quality which is always at the point of perfection. There is no incomplete, or partial degree of absolute Good in the Supreme Positive, for It is All, It is One. There are not two qualities of the Supreme Positive, for It is absolute One Itself. There are no partial degrees to It for It is All. Not only the All of many things but the All of Quality. It is the absolute Reality, the One, the All, the Good. We are all advancing to that supreme degree of consciousness and it is helpful to us to practise turning from the visible objects of the visible universe, to centre our thoughts upon the invisible realities they stand for."

"As we advance in knowledge of the truth there is less and less of ignorance in us, until, when we know all the truth, there will be absolutely no ignorance at all in us," I suggested.

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"Our minds will be free from ignorance or darkness, all will be light."

Jacob continued, musingly, "We shall be the All-Known to which there is no not-known. The darkness, or not-known, will have vanished forever. It will be that state of consciousness to which there is no night, no darkness. No matter how or where you search for the ignorance that has vanished it will never be found, any more than poverty, sin and disease can be found when man is reformed and healed, or than darkness can be found when light appears. To Omniscience there is no not-known, and man is Omniscient, the expression of Omniscience."

The unfoldment was so wonderful to me that I felt inwardly stirred up to boiling point. I shook hands with Jacob warmly and enthusiastically.

Now, I had been struck by a remark in a previous lesson which I desired more light upon, so I asked Jacob about it.

"The way you spoke of tangibility, externality and visibility in a former lesson has caused me to wonder if these are among the divine mental qualities, faculties or forces embraced in man's compound nature, his divine selfhood: if they are within every man, in 'the kingdom of God within him,' instead of being outside of him."

"They are spiritual, mental forces embraced within man's compound being," Jacob replied. "They are the faculties or forces that give the sense of being external, both the sense of being external to oneself and the sense of an external universe. If these forces were not part of man's compound consciousness he could not be conscious of the universe and man as objective or external to himself. But these living, conscious

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forces are within him, hence he must be ever conscious of body and external nature. The ocean cannot help being salty because salt is part of its nature. Man cannot help being tangible because tangibility is part of his nature. Remember, God, the Creative Principle of man and the universe, is infinite Substance, Form, Tangibility and Order in Itself, and in the true sense of the word is infinite divine Sensation in Itself. Hence, as the manifestation of God, man embraces these qualities within him. They are component parts of his being rather than things he possesses. Money, or its equivalent, is the tangibility of wealth, for wealth without a body or form to represent it would be as soul without body."

Jacob's explanation seemed simple and striking to me for the moment, and I hoped it would remain so.

He concluded the discussion by saying, "I have given you enough, lads, even before this evening's discussion, to work on and demonstrate prosperity. There is no need for you to strive over the subject of this lesson, though it should be of inestimable value to you."

Alf had been silent, but he now expressed his thanks to Jacob, saying, as he took himself off, "I think a lot of it but I can't say much."

"I hope, Dadsey," said Miss Morley, who had been present during the lesson, "that you will give some instruction on the three degrees. It may not be really necessary, but it is to my mind of the utmost importance that people, especially men, should understand about the three degrees which are embraced within everyone of us, and in everything in nature."

"If I have time tomorrow evening I will do so," said Jacob. "That will be my last chance before I leave for Christchurch."

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I remarked that we might not all be together again when he returned, and that I would not like to miss a subject that Miss Morley considered of so great importance. Seeing that Jacob showed signs of weariness I followed Alf's example and retired.

My mate and I talked on well into the night of the foreshadowed changes to take place in his life and mine. We realized that we were but sojourners here at "Prosperity." Finally, we both united in doing some mental work for wisdom and success, after which a sense of comfort took the place of fear and uncertainty, and we slept in peace.

LESSON NINE

THE HOLY TRINITY

IT WAS SUNDAY AFTERNOON and Jacob and I were sitting talking beneath a wide spreading tree near the house. Tomorrow he was starting for the city about two hundred miles away, and would be absent for three or four weeks.

He said that there had been some friction among the hands at a fruit farm about four miles away, and there were indications that some of them would be leaving. If this happened the owner would be left short-handed at an awkward time, for the picking, grading and packing operations were in full swing, which, together with case-making, carting and fulfilling contracts, made a busy time. In the event of such a contingency arising I was asked to go over and assist him, which I promised to do if called upon. "Kingston" was the name of the farm. The owner was a man whom Jacob had found worthy and to whom he had given a start, first, by giving him employment and afterwards by making it possible and easy for him to purchase a property, and become his own landlord. He explained that he hoped I should not have to go, but would be able to stay at "Prosperity" during his absence, assuring me that he had great respect for my wise judgment and stability. I felt honoured by his expression of confidence in me, and casually suggested that Miss Morley would miss him during his absence.

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"She is somewhat used to my absences from home," he reminded me, "but this one will be for longer than usual."

He told me that she was to have two visitors staying with her for part of the time, a young woman who had been a girlhood friend, and her brother, and that Gipsy was much attached to them.

"I, too, am very interested in them both," said he "for their father was an old-time friend of mine, a great friend, but he passed on, leaving the two children, who later lost their mother also. I am particularly interested in the young man," said Jacob. "He is a decent young fellow in every way, but financially is not very successful. However, Gipsy will try to get into him some thoughts on the science of prosperity, which will be for his benefit. So far the subject has not attracted him seriously, but she is hoping to make good headway this time."

Instantly I decided that this was the man whom Jacob had in mind as a possible son-in-law.

Soon Miss Morley, accompanied by Alf carrying a basket and tray, came across the lawn and afternoon tea was spread on a table nearby. Very deftly Gwen arranged the cups and dispensed tea, in which task I was able to assist her. During tea Alf talked with Jacob while Gwen and I chattered together.

Alf was told that in two days' time he was to make tracks for his new place of employment. My mate of the road said some appropriate things to Jacob. He expressed gratitude for his great kindness, and especially for the new outlook on life

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his teaching had given him, with assurances that every day of his life he was demonstrating what he understood of it and was expecting great results. He also took upon himself to tell Jacob that I was as regular as clockwork in going into the silence and doing my mental work, and that we often declared our affirmations aloud together.

Gwen laughed mischievously at me, as Alf, with his usual good-natured verbosity, proceeded to discuss me and my doings.

But the laugh turned upon Alf himself when, after he had expressed his regret at leaving "Prosperity," Jacob reminded him of a former conversation wherein he had suggested his finding a suitable wife and settling down to managing a place somewhere in the locality of "Prosperity."

Alf appeared so foolishly embarrassed over the marriage suggestion that we all laughed.

"Don't you favor the suggestion?" asked Jacob.

"I do and I don't," was the evasive answer. "It's a big question."

Gwen came to the rescue with, "Wouldn't this be a grand opportunity for you to give the lesson on the three degrees, Dadsey? It may be your last chance of having George and Alf together. I think it is such an important subject, although not absolutely essential to beginners in the study of the science of wealth."

So it was arranged, and, all seated beneath the tree, Jacob began.

"I must refer again to one of our early lessons in which I

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explained to you the distinction between the principle, number and figure in mathematics, and their relationship to each other. It was an illustration that did not appeal strongly to Alf, I remember."

"Go ahead," said Alf, "I shall like it better now."

"I pointed out the distinction between principle, number and figure, that figure is the visible symbol or correspondence of the invisible reality known as number, and that through the visible figure the invisible quality, number, is known. I want again to impress upon you, that beyond the visible figure and the invisible number is the *law* of numbers, the principle of mathematics, which is the sustaining cause lying back of all numbers and their combinations, yet is expressed and manifested through and by them. The principle of mathematics is the invisible law which sustains and upholds numbers in perfect order, in spite of all the ignorant mistakes of humans. Ever steadfast and immutable, the principle of mathematics remains demanding and maintaining order and values while the mathematician brings his calculations to the standard of perfection. So you see, that while figures are dependent for their being and existence, numbers in their turn are dependent for their being upon their principle, the law of numbers. The law, or principle, is expressed in number and made manifest in and through figure, hence the primal law is indirectly responsible for the existence of figures. I want you to reflect upon this trinity, these three degrees. Principle—number—figure, all so intimately related and all dependent upon each other. Without the principle of numbers there would be no

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numbers, without numbers there would be no need for figures. The principle is expressed in numbers and objectified through figures."

"There is a wealth of wisdom to be gained through the right apprehension of this trinity, not relating only to mathematics, wealth and money, but also relating to the nature of man's threefold being, spirit—soul—body. The understanding of this trinity is a necessary unfoldment, although our present study is pre-eminently "Wealth and Money." I wish you to grasp clearly the truth I am giving you, for it is of extreme importance, leading to a most vital truth. You can grasp better the true meaning of the relationship of wealth and money through it. I want you to realize the trinity, the three-in-one, principle—number—figure."

Here I interrupted, "I see that if there were no principle there would be no number, and hence no figure; that the principle is expressed in the number and made visible in the figure. Does that mean that if the numbers were conscious, intelligent entities they would have power to project themselves into visibility?"

"Yes," he answered. "I have used this material illustration to exemplify a spiritual fact. The spiritual degrees in objects are conscious realities."

"Then I suppose you mean that in the same way there are three degrees regarding wealth?"

"Yes. What do you suppose is the principle of wealth and money?" he asked.

"I suppose that divine Love, Good Itself, is the principle of

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wealth, and that money or its equivalent is the objective state of wealth. Good, Spirit, is the cause of wealth. Wealth is the soul of money and money is the body of wealth. Three-in-one," I suggested.

"Yes," he replied and paused for a moment, while my thoughts seemed to run riot, for it seemed to me that if there were the three degrees of wealth, namely, Good (God)—wealth—money, it was possible that every visible thing in nature must also consist of the three degrees. I asked Jacob if this were so.

"Yes," he answered, "there is not an object in nature that does not consist of these three degrees. All are a trinity in unity, three-in-one. This tree, which shelters us beneath its bending arms, that droops so gracefully and almost tenderly in its protective care, is the visibility, or tangibility, the body of an invisible self which it manifests, while beyond its invisible self, yet not separate from it, is the sustaining Principle."

"What is the invisible tree?" asked Alf.

"Think for yourself," replied our teacher.

It dawned upon me that I could not see, touch or smell wealth and success because they were spiritual invisible qualities or forces which were the soul of visible supply or money: so beyond the visible tree was its soul or invisible, real, eternal self which must be a spiritual quality or force.

I was about to make an answer when Alf got ahead of me by timidly suggesting that Protection Itself might be the soul or invisible self of the tree.

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"Good," assented Jacob, while Gwen with keen interest clapped her hands.

"Yes, protection, strength, dignity and grace might well be claimed as the spiritual self of this tree for these are the qualities which it typifies. Yonder tall, straight tree typifies uprightness and aspiration as it reaches heavenward in daily increasing height. These qualities are all invisible expressions of divine Principle, as numbers are the expressions of the principle of mathematics. The visible trees are the tangible, objective bodies of the invisible realities. Within the soul or invisible self of the tree lie the forces of growth and expulsion. I am sure you see my point. The three degrees are maintained throughout the visible universe from a grain of sand to the sun itself, including every object in nature. All is Mind and mental. Remember, there is no substance that is not Mind."

"It is to the soul or real self I speak when I address my flowers and plants," said Gwen, "and they respond to my love, which is a proof to me that throughout nature every object is conscious, living and intelligent. All is Mind. There is only Mind in the universe, although it is of varying degrees and types, and what has been called matter is really a type of Mind or Spirit. All is Good."

"That is so, Gipsy," said her father approvingly, "and by so thinking we are 'mentalizing the universe.' There are three degrees in all things of nature, including man. All are composed of these three degrees. Just as the principle—number—figure are three, and Good—wealth—money are three, so is man as Spirit—soul—body three. As the principle of numbers

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is expressed in the invisible number, so is Spirit, the principle of man, expressed in the invisible soul self of man (his divinity). As the number is the cause of the figure which represents it so is the divinity, or soul, the cause of the tangible form of man (body or humanity). The trinity, Spirit—soul—body you will realize is embraced in all visible things. Everything in nature takes on a new meaning to us as this is understood, for whether the object be rock, plant, bird or beast they all consist of the three degrees, and the Principle or Cause of them all is eternal Life, Mind, Spirit, the same absolute Life, Spirit, that is the self-existent Cause of us all. Hence we regard all things of nature as expressions of the One Life, all different degrees of manifestation, man being the highest. We see nature as part of ourselves and love it more. Now, because we are of three degrees we are three-in-one, for the degrees are not separate, they combine as one. They are distinct but not separate."

"Like as the yolk, white and shell of an egg are three yet make one," Alf eagerly blurted out, as Jacob paused for a second.

"Exactly. A good illustration, Alf," our teacher replied with evident satisfaction.

Conflicting thoughts were churning within me, causing me to feel that I would like to get away by myself for awhile to sort them out, yet I was loath to go. So I asked Jacob what he could say about the three degrees in relation to Jesus of Nazareth.

To this he replied, "Precisely the same that I say of you

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and all men. He consisted of the three degrees as we all do. He called His Source 'Spirit' and said that He 'came out from God,' or 'came forth from God.' Now, the three degrees in our Brother, the great Example, were:

"Jesus—Christ—God.

"Jesus was the tangible Humanity.

"Christ was the invisible Divinity.

"God, Spirit, was the Creative Cause of the Divinity.

"Both Spirit and Divinity were brought forth to view in the divine Humanity (Jesus). Now these three degrees were *distinct* from each other but not *separate* from each other."

I asked Jacob to classify these degrees and he said that God, Spirit, was the Father (Source).

That Jesus, the visible Humanity, was the Son.

That Christ, the invisible Divinity, was the Holy Spirit. Three-in-One. One-in-Three:

"Which means," I suggested, "that Spirit was the Cause of Christ the Divinity, and in turn Christ the Divinity was the Cause of Jesus the Humanity, and the Three were One."

"You are right, George. He knew this truth so well that He was the Master of earth, sky and sea and Victor over death."

Then, with some hesitancy, I asked if by any chance one could call these three degrees the Holy Trinity, and if it was to these Jesus alluded when, just as He left the earth, He told His followers to carry on His work in the name of 'the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.'

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I noticed that Gwen's eyes were fastened on me, and shone like stars with what seemed suppressed excitement when I had finished my question.

She exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Hurrah, George, hurrah! You have discerned the crucial point that I so wanted you to see."

This encouraged me tremendously. My heart was beating at a terrific rate, so pleased was I with her evident approval. Jacob, too, expressed his pleasure, and laughed heartily at Gwen's demonstration of satisfaction.

He said, "Without doubt, that was what Jesus meant. He Himself realized the necessity of these degrees to each other. Neither one could subsist without the other, and to attempt to save one without the other was futile. He realized that these three degrees constituted the threefold nature of everyone and everything. He had no consciousness of a matter foundation for man and the universe; to Him all was Spirit. The awakening of mankind to the true meaning of the Holy Trinity will hasten the golden age of peace and power. Never forget that you are the Holy Trinity, the Three-in-One and One-in-Three, and that all mankind are as you are. Infinite possibilities await you through this realization of the threefold nature of man and of the universe, which will unfold to you as your thought ripens. St. Paul referred to these three degrees in man as 'body, soul and Spirit.'"

Varying emotions stirred me, and I heartily thanked Gwen for inducing her father to extend his teaching to us, so as to include this valuable exposition of truth just given.

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"You will never know what it means to me," I assured her, "or what it will mean to my mother and sisters also. I have not written to them for ages. They do not know where I am. I could never give them an address that would find me, so unsettled have my movements been. Besides, I determined never to write unless I were in a position to help them financially and provide them with a home such as they have not had since the days when my father was a flourishing physician."

So intently were my companions heeding me that I was encouraged to tell the special reason why this explanation of the three degrees, or the Holy Trinity, had impressed me so greatly.

"I have always maintained that it is to the subject of the Holy Trinity that we owe the financial reverses that changed all our prospects in life. That caused my father's loss of income, my mother's reduced circumstances and the consequent loss of opportunities in life for my sisters and myself. Indeed, I cannot help attributing father's early decease to the same cause. I have told you how I had to forego my great desire to be an author through lack of money, and had to turn out to work in an avenue where quick return was possible. The same disappointment has been the lot of my sisters in different ways. Mother could not give us what we desired and what she considered our right. She, dear mother, bore her reduced circumstances bravely, and encouraged father in his great trial, for it broke his heart to see his wife and family deprived of their rights through what he called his own fault.

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"My parents were devout Church of England people, and my father a prominent church member. He was also an eminent physician, highly respected and I may say much loved. He had an excellent income and was liberal towards the less fortunate, while his own family were well provided for. Father was very conscientious, and used to puzzle a great deal over the doctrine of the Trinity, so mother has told us. He could not reconcile the idea of 'three persons in one person,' or 'three gods in one god,' and used to try to get satisfaction from all the spiritual guides he contacted. No one could give him satisfaction on the subject. He contended that such an important church doctrine should be clearly understood, and that there must be a reasonable explanation which he must find. The meaning of 'three persons in one person,' 'three gods in one god' he could not fathom, hence could not accept the doctrine. It came about that the church dignitaries began to take exception to his attempts to obtain a solution from them when they had none to give. He found himself losing caste as a church member and correspondingly as a physician. His practice drooped and his income reduced. This continued. He found anger and unreasonable prejudice arising against him to an alarming degree. He was shunned as a church man and boycotted as a physician through official influence. He moved to different localities and started practice, but wherever he went the same dastardly influence was brought against him. Father died through grief and worry, mother says, leaving us poor, comparatively speaking. And here I am. I turned the church down, for I'd nothing to thank it for. Belief in the Creator I still clung to in a blind way until I met

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you, Jacob, but more intelligently now through your clear, logical teaching."

"Thank you so much for telling us all that about yourself, George," said Gwen. "Isn't it wonderful that divine Love has led you all the way to this dear, fresh, far-off, little green country of the South to find the solution that would have meant so much to your father in his big, wide world? I hope you will write soon to your mother and sisters, and that what you tell them will cheer and comfort them."

"I will," I assured her. "It is a great revelation to me and will be to them, I know. They will be comforted in realizing that my father was justified in his opposition to the orthodox doctrine of the Holy Trinity."

Jacob had been thoughtful for awhile, but presently remarked that in his opinion the ignorance manifested regarding the true meaning of the Holy Trinity was largely responsible for the much deplored absence of men from church. Never would the situation improve while men were asked to declare allegiance to impossible doctrines, and listen to sermons based on them. Embraced in the true meaning of the three degrees was the understanding that leads to great power, health and more abundant wealth, for if this understanding were intelligently applied, money, which is the body of wealth, would be revealed to man. Even gold and silver in the mines would respond to the magnetic creative force of man, who is the manifestation of All Good, the One Only Creator.

The shades of evening were upon us as we moved from under the sheltering tree.

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"Well," remarked Alf, "I fancy I understand a bit of wot you 'ave been telling, but I could not explain it. M'eye, but I'm better off than lots of you, for I've never troubled to think of such things, and now I know without going through all the worry about it you other blokes 'ave 'ad."

So saying, he cart-wheeled over the lawn to the great amusement of Gwen, who laughed heartily and exclaimed, "Isn't he the funniest thing on earth!"

LESSON TEN

PRACTICAL RESULTS

CHANGES HAD TAKEN PLACE at "Prosperity." Jacob had left for the distant city; Alf had gone to his new place of employment and Gwen's visitors had arrived. She was devoting herself to their entertainment so had taken them off riding, motoring and visiting mainly, and seemed to be enjoying their company enormously. I had been intensely interested in the brother and sister, Athol and Mavis Norton. The girl was very much after Gwen's type and about her age, while the young man appeared a few years older. I was most interested in him, for I suspected that he was the man Jacob thought of as worthy of Gwen's affection. He, it was, I concluded, with some disagreeable emotions, whose future Jacob was even now arranging to make more prosperous and successful. Of course, if he was to be his future son-in-law, by helping him he was furthering Gwen's interests also. Therefore I had lost no opportunity of watching and summing up Athol, and so far my observations had disclosed nothing objectionable in his looks, manners or general bearing. Physically he was not of the robust type, withal he was active and strikingly graceful in his movements. He had a crop of fair, wavy hair, a pair of quizzical, humourous eyes. An attractive personality, I concluded—one that harmonized well with Gwen's. Of his nature I had no doubts, for if Jacob

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were satisfied with it, it must be good, but I could imagine his not being particularly successful in a competitive business life. I found myself making unpleasant comparisons between him and myself, and wishing that I were this, that and the other different from what I was.

Gwen had shown them through the greenhouses and introduced me to them on the first day of their arrival, and had then remained behind awhile and talked with me. She was very bright and animated upon that occasion, and more than ever she charmed me. She seemed anxious to talk about her friends and extol their virtues, and, I thought, paid special attention to Athol, her boy friend. I felt paltry in being unable to resist the temptation to discover if this really were the man whom Jacob had meant. In answer to a feeler I put out Gwen innocently confirmed my suspicion.

"Oh, yes, I am very fond of Athol, we have been chums always and dear Dadsey thinks the world of him. His father was a friend of Dadsey's and he looks upon Athol almost as a son. If only Athol were a better business man Dadsey would be happier about him, for it is time, he says, that Athol settled to be a success in some sphere of life."

This had settled the question for me. I had plenty of time to think at present, for I was working alone most of the time.

For days I had not seen Gwen, who was away early and late with her friends. Quantities of ferns which they had gathered on their excursions had been brought home, and these it was my pleasant duty to plant in the new fernery.

One morning I found a pretty fern spray with a pin beside

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it, placed on a log where I could not help seeing it. Thinking it had been forgotten by one of the young people I left it alone. The following morning I had found a fresh spray laid in the same place. This caused me to wonder what it meant. Gwen had given me a fern to wear, I remembered. Could these buttonholes be left for me? When on the third day the same thing occurred I concluded that they were intentionally left there, and for me. Only Gwen would have left them, I thought, with a boyish ecstasy that I was utterly ashamed of.

"But why, why?" I asked myself.

I was missing her company more each day, and when one morning she came to give me some instructions I could scarcely hide my pleasure at her presence.

"I see you are wearing my ferns, George."

"I was not sure they were for me," I replied, "but I hoped they might be."

"They were for you, and I am very pleased that you wore them."

Her naive air and the rising color in her face caused me to pause in wonderment.

"Why did you not give them to your boy friend?" I asked.

"Give ferns to Athol!" she exclaimed with a laugh. "He would think it the biggest joke, and then I should get annoyed."

I told her that I felt she was mistaken, that he would appreciate such a gift because of his love for the giver.

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"You don't know Athol," she replied in a lightsome way, "he is the dearest thing, but he has not the soul to appreciate such a gift as you do, George."

I caught a look in her eyes as she said this to me that filled me with fear; fear for myself, for her and for Jacob, and in that instant I knew that I could not stay at "Prosperity" without disclosing the fact of my intense love for her. Soberly I returned her gaze and with great resolution reminded her that tramps were not supposed to have much soul, and that I was one of that order.

To this she quickly replied, "Remember, George, I, too, was once a tramp and that is why I am called Gipsy. Remember, too, that when the flesh as flesh is not taken for man, we are all offspring of the same Parent, eternal Spirit, even as all the sunrays are of their parent, the sun."

Then for two days I fought a mighty battle with myself. I thought of the eternal divine Law which Jacob leaned on and trusted so implicitly. In my immature way I turned to the Everpresence, which, as he had taught, is never absent from anywhere in man's body or human affairs. Presence, Who when fully trusted excludes all discords from the human affairs of men, heals their bodies and purses and straightens out their tangled human problems when they themselves can see no possible solution to them. I was thankful that Alf was away so that I could wrestle with myself in solitude. I could not disguise the fact that Gwen's interest in me was becoming deeper, but I dared not encourage it though I longed for it so much, for her love would have been eternal bliss to me. No

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doubt her interest in me was only through her sympathy for me in my position of life, I tried to assure myself. I felt that in justice to her and her father I should take myself away, yet I felt that to part from Gwen was to me a greater tragedy than forever losing the presence of the sun would be. In my distress I prayed, as I thought Jacob would have told me to, a prayer of affirmation for wisdom, strength and guidance. I claimed my divine power to be upright and just to my fellow-beings, and strength and courage to act according to my highest motives. Then I trusted the unseen Presence that all would be well with Gwen.

A call came for me from "Kingston." Gwen brought me the message that I was needed there at once. In a blind way I was thankful, and took it as in part an answer to my affirmations. I intimated that I would finish the job I was on and would leave early next morning for "Kingston."

"I had hoped you would not have to go, George, for I seem to need you here so much. I've got so used to your being ever ready to help me. Besides, you seem to understand me and encourage my plans and schemes as no one else has done."

Her eyes filled with tears as she spoke and she clasped and unclasped her hands nervously, but I pretended not to observe her suppressed emotion and said in as jovial a manner as I could, "You have your friends to keep you company, Miss Morley, or I should not feel so happy at leaving here before your father's return."

"Mavis and Athol leave in two days. They have to go. Are you happy to leave?" she asked earnestly.

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To which I replied, in a matter-of-fact tone, "When duty calls I must away. As I may not see you again before I leave, Miss Morley, I will say farewell now."

She refused my proffered hand, saying, "I shall see you in the morning before you go, George."

So I left her standing alone on the lawn and I was conscious that she stood so until a bend in the path hid me from her sight. Then a fierce battle raged within me, between what I felt it right for me to do and what I would prefer to do. That I could win Gwen's heart I felt sure, and that she was even now closely drawn to me I did not doubt. It was clear to me that I would be mean and cowardly to take advantage of her passing weakness, and this point impressed me most of all. My sense of duty won the battle. I made it my business to be on my way to "Kingston" in the morning long before Gwen was astir. Here I found my surroundings very congenial and my services appreciated by my boss. But with Gwen always in my thoughts, and a longing for her in my heart, I knew that my work was not up to the standard it might have been.

I commenced making plans for getting away from "Prosperity." Jacob had been gone over three weeks, and in deference to what I knew he would wish I felt I must be at "Kingston" until his return so that Gwen would be able to find me if need arose.

I had been a fortnight at "Kingston" and the rush of work was over though there was still plenty to do. I had decided to return to "Prosperity," gather together what belongings I

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intended taking with me, find out when Jacob was due home, and before his return to have taken myself off to heaven knew where. First I would make tracks to where Alf worked, for I could not go without seeing him, though how to face him I did not know; after which I might make for the gold fields.

It was a bright morning when I proceeded to "Prosperity" to gather up my kit. My feelings were a mixture of happiness and sorrow—happiness at the prospect of seeing Gwen after this separation, and sorrow that it was to be farewell to her, to "Prosperity" and its owner, whom I admired and honored as I did no other man on earth. For his sake and his daughter's I was going, and my hope was that he would understand and appreciate my motive.

A maid informed me that I would most likely find Miss Morley in the garden and that the master would soon be home; for which she was thankful as Miss Morley had not appeared to be in her usual health lately, through being alone maybe.

I sorted and packed what I needed of my belongings and then went to look for Gwen. After a search in the garden I found her in the conservatory where we had worked so much together. My eagerness to see her was intense, though I knew the parting was goodbye. She did not hear me enter, for she was deeply engrossed in her work. I stood watching her in silence for a few moments, taking my last mental picture of her and lifting my consciousness to the ever-present help within me in a desire for moral strength. I made a stir and wished her "good morning," which caused her to look up.

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"Is it really you, George, I am so glad to see you!" she exclaimed, dropping the fork she was using and coming quickly towards me.

We stood a second in silence looking at each other. I noticed that, as the maid had said, Gwen was looking far from her usual bright self.

"It seems ages since you went away," she said.

"Are you quite well?" I asked her with some anxiety. "You do not look so, you have changed. Have you been lonely without your father?"

"I do not think I am quite myself. I am horribly nervous," she answered. "George, I have been very lonely, I have missed you so much."

Then placing her hands on my shoulders and looking into my face, she said pleadingly, "I have missed you so much. Promise me that you will never leave me again, George, promise me, promise me."

Thus taken off my guard I clasped her hands and lifted them from my shoulders, saying with deep emotion, "Gwen, Gwen, my dearest heart, what does this mean?"

"I want you to promise to be with me always, George, because I've missed you and longed for you so."

This was my hour of temptation, the greatest in my life, yet that temptation was only to enfold close in my arms the woman who was all the world to me. Only through divine Power could I win through. Gently I thrust her from me, while at the same time "my soul clave unto her."

"I cannot promise that, Miss Morley," I said, "for the

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spirit of roving has taken hold of me again and I have decided to be moving on."

"Do you mean that you are leaving Dadsey?" she asked in startled surprise.

"Yes. I have a letter here for him which will explain everything. Please give it to him when he returns."

Then I noted the change in her that I feared, yet felt must come, because she was a woman. She raised her head and assumed an air of unconcern, which evidenced wounded pride.

"I will give it to him. I expect him home in three days, though his movements are uncertain. I fancy he is doing some tramping on his return journey. I do not approve of it so late in the season. He will be sorry to find that you have gone, I know, for he respects you so much and had hopes of your being a great demonstration, as well as a demonstrator of the science of prosperity. However, he stands up to disappointments well, does dear Dadsey."

Gwen had completely regained her poise and stood before me with a calm, indifferent air which I felt was assumed. In her brave womanliness she appealed to me as angelic, and I was glad to see her in this mood, so always to remember her.

"His teaching will always be a star of hope to me," I told her, "and I will try to be a good demonstration and demonstrator of it for his sake."

I noticed her lips tremble as she asked, "When are you starting?"

"Quite soon," I replied.

"Then I will say goodbye, George. I am glad to have

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known you. I quite expect father will have a fresh haul arriving at 'Prosperity' in the near future, and so the world goes on for me. Well goodbye, all success to you, George," saying which she left me standing speechless.

Not a word of farewell had I uttered, not a word of thanks for all her gracious goodness to me. I looked around at the flowers among which I had spent so many happy hours. I went across to the corner where the ferns thrived and found them glistening and dripping after a recent spraying.

"One could think you were weeping in sympathy," I said, as I plucked a frond and, slowly fastening it in my coat, repeated, 'Yesterday, today and forever.'"

Next day I turned my back on "Kingston" and "Prosperity" and strove not to brood on the might have been. Together with my swag I was motored to a stopping place where I should meet a bus that would pass Alf's place of employment, for which I was bound.

"This is where the bus will pick you up," I was told as the car drew up for me to alight. It was the very part of the country where Alf and I had seen the signpost, "This way to Prosperity." There was the sign sure enough. What a strange coincidence I thought as I stood looking at it as though it were an old acquaintance. What strange things had happened since I first gazed on it a few months before. The bus was not due for awhile so I sat down upon my swag to wait. Presently I saw a conveyance approaching from the direction opposite to that in which I intended going. It drew up at the corner where I was waiting. And lo! to my surprise, out stepped Alf.

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His surprise was equal to my own, and his astonished salute was "Wot the-the-the . . . brings you 'ere, mate?"

"What brings you?" I answered.

He looked at me, then at the swag, with increasing perplexity and seriously asked, "What does it mean, George?"

"I was on my way to see you, Alf, and say farewell for I am leaving 'Prosperity' forever."

"The devil you are! 'ad a row or anything, George?"

I assured him that there had been no quarrel, and again asked him the reason for his unexpected appearance.

"I'm on my way to see Jacob, I'm leaving the job."

I told him Jacob might not be home yet.

"Then I must see Miss Morley instead and get 'er 'elp. I am off to Sydney, Australia."

"The deuce you are, Alf. What has happened, what is the reason?"

"The reason is, George, I've deceived you and Jacob all along. I am a married man with a wife and two children, and this stunt of Jacob's about me getting a wife round 'ere and managing a place for him, which I might afterwards easily buy, 'as knocked me askew entirely. See 'ow thin I've got over it," said he, flapping out his loose waistcoat. "Look at me, I'm worried awfully."

I expressed my surprise at his news, for never had I in the least suspected that he had a wife, let alone a family.

"You artful old dog, Alf. You've given me the surprise of my life, and what Jacob will think I can't imagine."

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"That's it, George, wot will he say to me for my deceit. I'd walk on me 'ead—head for him I would, 'pon my oath, George, but he won't trust me again, I'll swear."

The little chap was genuinely distressed and I could see that the position had worried him so much that he was in a pitiable nervous state. Therefore I felt that my best policy was to listen in silence to his story, meanwhile helping him mentally to the best of my understanding, as I believed all should help each other in times of stress and strain.

"Come, sit down and tell me all about it, old boy," I said in true sympathy.

"Well, it's like this. I married my girl and she was the apple of my eye. I loved her with all my 'eart—heart, George, so help me, I did. You see, I had a trade when I was married. It was a branch of the shoemaking business, all 'and—hand work, and they said I was good at it. But all of a sudden there came a balmy day when I found my trade gone and me out of a job. Machinery had taken the place of hand work. Experts were brought out to work the machines, and we old hand workers 'ad no chance of learning 'ow—how to run them. I wasn't scared at first. I thought I'd get other work, but it was not easy. It was a terrible pickle to be in, George. Times got very bad in Australia and after the first baby came—a boy, George, and the best kid this side the line he was, I could not find work and earn enough to keep us, and lord I did try 'ard—hard. My wife, Josephine is her name, George, got sick of poverty and got cross-grained, and seemed to blame me for it as if I could help it. Then the second

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baby came, a girl, George, and she was, my 'eavens she was, the beautifullest creature ever Gawd put breath in, that she was."

Alf paused a moment lost in thought, as though revelling in the glory of family pride.

I saw the bus I was waiting for but knew it was no use my going further in that direction now. It passed, but Alf was so intent on his own affairs that he did not notice it.

"Well," he continued, "I took to the sea and worked aboard ship for several years, so was not much at home with me family. Then I did something which caused me to lose me standing and me name was crossed off the list of ships' hands, so I was obliged to look for work ashore. I did not commit any wrong myself, George, but I did a lot to help someone else to. I was caught but 'e wasn't, and because I would not own up who he was they were 'arder on me, that's how I lost me standing."

"Poor old Alf," I said, as the remembrance of the theft of the meat pie flashed before me.

"Well, Josephine led me an awful life. I see now that I deserved it. You see women don't understand 'ow hard it is for men to find work when there is no work to be 'ad and no one wants you to do it. They are real funny women are, George, and she was just a woman like the rest of 'em, she got more sick of me and said she and the children would be better off without me. She said I was worse since I'd been to sea and even my talk was so slovenly that she could not bear it, and lots more she said. I heard so much about her and the

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children being better off without me that I began to feel it was true. I made up my mind to do a slinter and not be a burden and worry, so I cleared out and left them.

"Gawd knows, George, it was deadly 'ard to leave them. I got together a few pounds in one way and another and I left for New Zealand, but I can't give the chap away who got me a free passage over. I parted from the children one night when their mother was out and I was supposed to be minding them. They were sleeping so beautifully, George. I just 'ad a good hard look at them, then kissed them and slipped a pound note in each of their little fists. I put one with a letter on the table for their mother, just a few lines it was, saying goodbye, and I shut myself out of the 'ouse. I hung around and watched Josephine come home and go indoors. I said 'Goodbye, dear old girl' as she shut herself in. My heart was sore and m'eyes were bleary but I saw 'er shadow on the blind as she read my letter, and true as Gawd, George, I've not heard of them since."

For a moment he battled with emotion, then continued, "I've always meant to send them money when I got it but I've not done so yet. I felt as if I'd have stolen the world for her if I could have. Then Jacob came along and showed me a new way of looking at life and how to become a better man and become prosperous. You know how I've been trying to understand this science of prosperity and to work on his lines, and my set desire all the time has been for a home with Josephine and the kiddies here in this country and to be able to speak so as to please her, that's why I've been studying what's-his-name so hard, George. You know Miss Morley

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lent him to me when I left 'Prosperity' and I've got him here taking him back to her."

I had to get rid of a lump in my throat before I could say "Poor old Alf" and give him a kindly slap.

"I did not know that, Alf, but I have noticed that you are speaking more correctly except when you are excited, and then you fall back a bit. You are a brave, little chap, Alf, I think your slovenly talk suits you but you must brush up to please Josephine. I admire you more than ever, old boy."

"Well, then comes the time when Jacob sets me to find a wife and I've been worried slim ever since. So I'm going to see 'im and make a clean breast of it, and tell 'im I'm going to Australia to seek for me wife and family. I want to ask 'im—him, if Josephine will take me back and come over here to 'Prosperity,' whether he will make me the same offer with 'er for my wife. If he will I shall be mighty happy, George."

"I know what Jacob's answer will be, Alf, but you must go and find out for yourself. I hope, old boy, you will think of me sometimes when you and your family are snugly settled down here and I'm far away."

"I'm forgetting you, George, old mate. What's your trouble, where are you bound for?"

"Well, just since I've been talking to you, Alf, I've decided that I'm going to Australia with you, to help you find Josephine. After I've seen you and your family started off for New Zealand I will make a fresh move somewhere."

"Australia! Going with me! I'm sailing in three days' time!" he exclaimed.

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"So am I, Alf. I've enough money to do it, and to spare."

Alf grew impatient to know the reason for my leaving "Prosperity," so I told him in the best way I could, feeling awkward and foolish as I did so. He was truly a sympathetic listener. He sat with his elbows on his knees and his forehead resting on his hands, as I told my story. From time to time he made a sign of kindly encouragement. I appreciated his understanding heart, and felt a great sense of comfort in unburdening myself to him. I was careful, however, to omit any references to Jacob's confidence to me regarding his approval of Athol as a future son-in-law.

It was a very serious face that Alf raised to mine, when I had finished. Looking me straight in the eyes, he said, "You're the biggest, darned ass in the world, George. Listen, I'd call you something stronger than that if I were not trying to improve my blarmey voc—voc—oh, I can't think what what's-his-name calls it."

"You mean vocabulary, Alf?"

"Ah, that's it, vocabulary, that's what he calls it, a nice sounding word too. Here's you, George, a splendid looking cove like you, fit for a king, I says, just running away, thinking as you're not good enough for the woman you love, and who for all I can tell loves you as well. *You, you*, as 'as been working for a home and a wife ever since you've known this science of wealth, 'ere you've got your demonstration right at your hand and you won't grab it. It's a crime you're doing, I say, a blarmey crime. I tell you what—and I'm serious George, I think you're doing a sin to turn down what

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divine Law 'as given you in answer to your true desire. Think of it, *you*, homeless, without money or friends as you were, now standing with money, a beautiful home, grounds and a beautiful wife all waiting for you, and you won't put out your hand to take any of it. You're a sinner, that's what you are. Come back with me," he urged kindly, "come back to 'Prosperity.'"

I had not realized my position in the light Alf now presented it to me, and I felt staggered for a moment at the wonder of it all, if he were right. I thought of Gwen's remark that her father had hoped that I would be a demonstration as well as a demonstrator of the truth he taught. Then again, it seemed that I was following the right course in saving Jacob as I was doing. Anyhow, I was following my highest sense of right at the cost of great suffering to myself. If Gwen were really fond of me, which I was not sure of, she would soon find fresh attractions and forget me in her attentions to other sundowners who might happen along. Thus I reasoned with myself, and then asked Alf to accept my decision not to return. Also to remember that my leaving "Prosperity" was too great a tragedy for me to run the risk of repeating. Seeing that I was determined to leave, he told me that I was as stubborn as a mule.

It then occurred to me that Alf's case, too, was wonderful. He had been as homeless, penniless and friendless as I had been, and now, after his practice of the science of prosperity, here he was with great possibilities before him whereby his future life would be full of the things he had needed and desired in the past. I told him that I was confident that his

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case, too, was an outstanding testimony to the efficacy of Jacob's teaching, when faithfully applied.

I saw that, strangely enough, he had not realized that the change in his prospects was due to his faithful practice of what he had learnt of this science of wealth, and told him so. In surprise he agreed that it was true and that we could give better testimonies of the power of the divine Law to overcome poverty with plenty than any Jacob or Gwen had related to us. He reminded me that we should not fail to give thanks to the infinite Giver for all our blessings, for this was the way to open the channel for more to come, and that one way to show our gratitude was to tell others the truth and what it had done, and was still doing for us. I was impressed with my mate's earnestness, and realized that, contrasting the Alf of today with the Alf I had first met, there was as marked an improvement in his nature and personality as in his financial prospects, and it occurred to me that his Josephine would see the change also.

He impressed upon me my obligation to express thanks. Said he, "Yours is the bigger demonstration, or whatever you call it, of the two but you won't see it at present."

"I am grateful, old mate," I said feelingly as we clasped hands firmly, "and I am thankful to have met you."

His intention was to tell Jacob his story, hoping for his sympathy and trusting that Josephine would suit as a manager's wife as well as any girl would. In any case he intended to sail for Australia. He would reach Port Lyttelton in three days' time and take the ferry boat from there to a northern

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port, from whence he would sail direct for Sydney. Within five days he would be in Sydney and hoped soon to locate his family. If Jacob were agreeable, and Josephine forgave him and took to the idea, he would return with his wife and children. He would send a cable to Jacob one way or the other very soon. I expressed my determination to go to Australia with him, though what my further movements would be I could not tell. All I knew at present was that it was best for me to get away from New Zealand for obvious reasons. So it was arranged that when he reached Port Lyttelton he was to look for me at a certain private hotel, or, if he were late in arriving there he should join me aboard the ferry steamer just before she sailed.

Again he tried to induce me to accompany him now to "Prosperity" and see Jacob. Again I refused, adding, that I preferred that he would not mention to Jacob or Miss Gwen that we had met, and certainly nothing of the story I had unfolded to him. I was surprised to see how upset my mate was. He stood awhile gazing at the sign 'This way to Prosperity,' then he turned, saluted me, and went his way towards "Prosperity" and the girl I loved.

LESSON ELEVEN

DIVINE LAW DEMONSTRATED

I HAVE SINCE been told that it was towards evening when Alf reached "Prosperity" and found that Jacob had arrived home during the morning, to the surprise of his daughter who was not expecting him quite so soon. It appears that he had ordered his car to be sent to meet him at a certain place along the road between "Prosperity" and the city of Christchurch, where he was meandering through the country as a swagger, or as he preferred to say, as 'a fisher of men.' The chauffeur had brought a note from Martha, the elderly maid, who had been in Jacob's employ ever since he had a home for himself and Gwen. She had been a trusted house-keeper and had mothered Gwen in true womanly fashion. She was a pillar in the "Prosperity" household and seemed fixed there permanently. Martha informed Jacob in the note, that she was rather concerned over Gipsy's health; for ever since he had left home, even while Mavis and Athol were there, she appeared far from well. She was listless, in fact a nervous wreck, ready to weep if looked at, and was taking very little food. This account of his ever-healthy, buoyant daughter decided Jacob to proceed straight home. She had been too much alone he decided and he must send her away for a change.

Upon reaching home he was much perturbed over the

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change in Gipsy, for she appeared just as the note had described her and commenced to weep at the sight of her father.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked, as he kissed her and patted her cheeks. "Where are the roses I am so proud of, and why these tears?"

"Only just that I'm so pleased to see you home," she answered. "You have been a long time away, Dadsey. Have you made a haul this trip?"

"Yes, dear, I've struck two likely students, but time will prove. I hope if they come along later they will be as worthwhile as George and Alf have been."

"Poor Dadsey, I've a great disappointment for you. George has left 'Prosperity' forever. He went to 'Kingston' but has gone from there. I saw him before he left, for he came to collect his kit. I do not understand his reason; he just said the spirit of roving had taken hold of him and that he was going."

Her voice trembled so, that Jacob sat and looked at her in troubled silence.

"Here is a letter he left for you, Dadsey, it would explain, he said."

Catching her trembling hand in his as she handed him the missive he drew her to sit beside him and placing his arm around her, said, "I want you to tell me the truth, my child, just as you would tell your dear mother were she here. Is it your father you have missed so much as to cause the change I notice in you, or is it that you are missing and pining for George?"

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"Both. Oh, both, Dadsey. I have missed you with a dreadful miss, dearest, but I am missing George in a different way, just as though I had lost half of myself, and my heart is crying, it won't cease crying. It is stupid I know, and I can't explain to you what it is."

"Don't try, dear child. I've not loved your mother all these years without understanding all about it, and the meaning of a heart that cries. This is a surprise to me. I would give anything to spare you this sorrow, my dearest. Now, you know that our only help is the ever-present, ever-active divine Law, Truth and Love Itself, which, when understood and trusted as we can trust, will work out for us this difficult problem. In Love divine is your happiness and peace. Take heart, Gipsy."

After reading the note I had left for him he handed it to Gwen, saying, "You see he has given no sensible reason for his departure. He wants to be moving on and implores me to accept his gratitude and always believe that his motive in leaving 'Prosperity' was unselfish. It is a queer business all right, but I cannot doubt George's sincerity. There is something mysterious in it all."

It was a surprise when later on Alf turned up. It did not take him long to relate to Jacob his story, and as I had anticipated, Jacob was very sympathetic over his experience but heartily amused over Alf's dilemma when so seriously advised to find for himself a wife. He offered to do his best to make it possible for him to get his family over to New Zealand if Josephine were willing to come, and to further his interests.

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He asked Alf to relate his story to Gipsy at dinner time, explaining that she had been far from her usual bright, happy self.

"This news will be a reviver for her, Alf, and she needs it. We both rejoice when a student proves worthwhile as you are doing. Think of the encouragement Gipsy and I must have in the way truth has changed your consciousness so that you are led to seek your wife in a forgiving spirit, and with the hope of bringing her into the true understanding of man and his Creator, wherein is found the solution of all human problems."

Gipsy was intensely interested in Alf's story and started at once to be great friends with his children and Josephine, making all sorts of plans for their arrival at "Prosperity." Jacob turned the conversation on to me and my strange departure, to which Alf listened, saying as little as possible. Soon Gipsy excused herself and left the room, after which Alf and her father talked together for hours, I am told.

The town clock struck four on the date upon which Alf and I were to meet in Lyttelton and sail for the northern port where on the morrow we should join the "S. S. Moana" en route for Sydney. According to arrangement I was waiting at the private hotel in Lyttelton for Alf's arrival and was expecting to see him appear on the scene at any moment. I had walked round the grounds of the hotel where flaming red and climbing pink geraniums, interspersed with white, made a gorgeous show. They grew in every possible niche of the rockribbed garden, and bloomed so profusely that one's

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eyes were dazzled by their glory, and somehow they drew my thoughts to a certain garden on hillside slopes that I was trying to forget.

The sun had sunk behind the surrounding hills and a sombre stillness had settled over the quiet little port. I sat myself down on a garden seat and looked out over the harbour, which in four hours we should be leaving. I was growing anxious for Alf's arrival for time was going on, but more so was I anxious for his arrival because of my great longing for news of Gwen. I was aroused from deep thought by the sound of footsteps near me, and sprang hastily to my feet for there beside me stood Jacob, the last person I had expected to see.

"What does this mean, what brought you here?" I asked as Jacob held out his hand towards me.

"I came with Alf to see him off by the boat, and to see and talk with you, if it were possible."

Following his example I sat down and going straight to the point he said, "As man to man I want your real reason for leaving us in this strange manner."

"I left a letter explaining," I answered.

"Your letter gave no valid reason for your sudden departure. I am not usually mistaken in my summary of a man's character, but your behaviour in this instance is certainly a contradiction of my estimate of you, which has been very high, so high that were you my brother or my son I should be proud of you and should consider nothing too good for you, nor any woman too good as a companion for you. My won-

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der has been that one like yourself has not been well up on the ladder of success instead of a wanderer in search of a living, as you were when I found you. I concluded, however, that you needed the spiritual teaching I was able to give you and that through divine Law our paths met. It was no chance meeting, I feel sure. I thought, George, that you had perception enough to sense my feelings towards you, and soul enough to respond but I find that I am mistaken."

I winced at his reproving words, spoken in low, soft, even tones.

"You are mistaken, Jacob," was all I could say.

He continued, "You took a keen delight in our way of thinking and in applying it for the betterment of your human conditions. You seemed happy in our mode of life at 'Prosperity,' and you must admit there were no evidences of your ever having to leave and take to tramping again through lack of employment."

"I appreciate all that," I assured him.

"Then, as man to man, tell me why you are leaving us."

"You have misjudged me, Jacob. It is through a high sense of duty and loyalty to yourself and gratitude for your great goodness to me that I feel compelled to go."

Here I was in a position I would have avoided at any cost and I suspected that Alf was largely to blame for it. Jacob demanded to know in what way was my departure expressing loyalty to him, and after beating about the bush for awhile I asked him what Alf had told him about me.

"Not much," he answered, "but enough to cause me to

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want to meet you before you left the country, and Alf's intention was wholly good in what he said."

"Then you know, Jacob, that it was through my attachment to Gwen that I left."

To my embarrassment he looked at me and laughed.

"Not much in that to be ashamed of, I love her, too."

"What right had I, a poor intruder, the object of your charity, to come between you and your dearest earthly possession? I am forced to the unpleasant and presumptuous act of confessing that a great fear took possession of me that Gwen might become attached to me. To avoid such a calamity I left, for I knew that would have upset your plans."

"I'm ashamed of you as a student, George, in referring to yourself so disparagingly. Are we not all the offspring of Spirit, Mind, no matter how we be placed in our human environment? To me you are a son of the King, as I also am. In that light I regard you. For your own worth, your own self, George, I shall miss you. For Gipsy I cannot speak, of course. She does not know what Alf confided in me, nor does she suspect that I hoped to see you now."

I was becoming bewildered and quickly asked, "Well, what about Athol Norton? I thought you approved of him as a son-in-law."

In surprise he answered, "You are greatly mistaken. Gwen shall choose for herself, as she mostly does in all things, but Athol, though I think the world of him, is not a man I think in the least suited for Gipsy. How did you get such a notion?"

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I reminded him that he had told me of a man he thought fit to be Gwen's companion for life, one whose future success he was about to ensure, and that when I saw Athol I suspected that he was the man, that I noticed his devotion to Gwen and something she had said had confirmed my suspicion. Jacob assured me that I was totally wrong, an assurance that embarrassed me very much, for though I had latterly decided that Gwen did not love Athol, I still thought that it was Jacob's desire that she should, and so I told him.

"I see, I understand now and appreciate your honourable intention, George," he assured me.

He was silent for some seconds thinking deeply and I thought that he was realizing his union with divine Mind. Then, to my surprise he informed me that during his recent visit to the city he had been rearranging his personal affairs and among other things had appointed a confidant to act in a secretarial capacity for him, one he considered trustworthy enough to superintend his personal affairs and manage different branches of business connected with his estate, thus relieving him of the strain of the responsibility that he had felt was weighing on him. He explained that he had only recently found a man whom he thought capable and suitable for such a position of confidence and trust, and that this man had come as the supply to his need, and as the result of his earnest mental work for such an one. In fact he regarded him as the answer to his realization of the truth for such help.

"It is a confidential office, a responsible one and a worthy one for which I shall pay a worthy salary," he concluded.

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I was interested in this information and a feeling of regret that I was not the fortunate man worried me. I told him that I was glad that he was to have such help, for it seemed to me that at present he had not enough leisure to enjoy his prosperity owing to his close application to business affairs which he felt that he alone could manage.

"He is a fortunate man to so have your confidence and such an enviable position, Jacob."

In answer to a question he informed me that Gipsy did not yet know of the appointment; that he had not been home long enough to tell her any of the business side of his trip. Besides, she was so nervous and indisposed that he doubted if she would have been much impressed with it, and that he had arranged for her, during his absence, to stay with some neighbouring friends.

"I have not yet asked the man if he will accept the office, George."

"There is no doubt on that score," I replied, "any man who wants such a position would think himself fortunate to secure it."

"What would you say if you were the man?" was his staggering question.

"Me!" I exclaimed. "I cannot believe it, it is too wonderful. I am bewildered."

Then my great excitement was quickly subdued by the thought that this would mean my return to "Prosperity."

Jacob had watched me in silence and I guessed that he was reading my thoughts; then he seriously asked me if I had not

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been treating for employment and financial success, including a home for myself, my mother and sisters. I assured him that ever since he had shown me the right way to prosperity I had worked earnestly for that end. Alf had taken upon himself to include for me a wife in the programme. But I had been content to demonstrate for a home for my mother, sisters and myself, with plenty of money to live on, leaving a wife out of the picture for the present, although we were told not to limit the extent of our claim, thinking it might be too great for God to supply.

"Then consider, George," said he, "you have brought your demonstration into materialization. Here before you is the good remunerative position you require and work you would like, direct from the Creative Source. Through the formative, externalizing mental womb it has come into materialization. At your feet, as it were, lies the possibility of almost at once having a home to bring your relations to, all the out-picturing of your scientific prayers, and yet you are not recognizing it as your visible answer, but are turning your back upon it through a mistaken sense of duty. The divine Law often unfolds its blessings to us in response to our just desires in such seemingly unlikely, yet orderly ways. We must watch that we do not overlook our blessings and so deny truth by not accepting the blessed result when it comes into visibility. For your attempt at loyalty to me and Gipsy I thank you and admire you more than ever, George, and I feel more loath than ever to lose you.

"I came with Alf to show you this, lad, and to ask you if

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you will accept this position, if only for a few months until I get things straightened up into running order. I assure you I need your help as much as you need the position I offer. It will be my demonstration as well as yours. Will you come back with me to 'Prosperity'?"

My countenance showed the joy I felt, yet I hesitated.

"I know what you are thinking, it is about Gipsy. Let the same sense of duty that took you away from 'Prosperity' take you back, duty to eternal Love Who is the Giver of your position and all it means to you, and leave the rest, trusting to divine Law to adjust everything in the right way. No mistakes will occur if you trust the unseen Presence, eternal Love. Your trust must be unfaltering, not a blind faith. Let your gratitude for blessings received and for blessings not yet made visible live in your heart, making clear the way for greater joys to follow."

Jacob looked magnificent as he so talked to me. The radiance of a great soul shone forth from his countenance.

"What do you say, George?" he earnestly asked.

"I am grateful beyond words to the eternal Presence, Jacob, for you, for all the good that is mine and I am coming home to 'Prosperity' with you."

Alf had generously left us alone and now we sought him. The news of my decision to return to "Prosperity" he greeted with a burst of enthusiasm, in which my hand was nearly shaken off.

"Wot a wonderful Gawd our Gawd is!" he exclaimed,

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lapsing into his old free and easy manner of speech in his excitement.

We saw him aboard the steamer and watched him sail away, his last words being a promise of an early cable informing us that "All is Good," which would mean that Josephine had taken to him and the truth like a duck to water, and he would be bringing the family over very soon.

LESSON TWELVE

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GIPSY HAD NOT ARRIVED HOME when the following afternoon we reached "Prosperity," though she was expected before dinner. I was wondering what kind of a reception she would accord me. It would surprise her to see me, I knew, for Jacob had given her no hint of his intention to search for me. I was affirming and realizing myself truly as the offspring of God, the All Good, a son of the King, and feeling myself to be great, noble and fearless. I denied the false sense that through unfortunate financial circumstances in life I was inferior to anyone or unworthy of the best. I decided to forget the past poverty and ill-success and rise above the mesmeric state of lack of self-esteem that my past conditions in life had imposed upon me. The thought came that had I always known myself as that which I now realized myself to be I never would have been down and out, on the scrap heap of fortune as it were. Through lack of knowing myself as the expression and manifestation of Good, Spirit, the eternal Source, Who is the Source of all men and women alike, I had suffered.

I observed that Jacob was very quiet, and thought that he, too, might be realizing the truth. It surprised me when he suddenly asked me if I would mind taking some nearby pot plants to the big conservatory and placing them inside.

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Although it seemed an unnecessary task just at that time I at once set about the job, and enjoyed loitering awhile among the familiar plants and flowers where Gwen and I had spent so many happy days together. I picked a fern and was about to put it in my buttonhole when suddenly Gwen entered the doorway and with a startled cry paused in amazement, looking at me.

"You, you here, George!" she exclaimed. "Why have you returned?"

"I came with your father because he wants me."

Holding my arms towards her, I continued, "But most of all, Gwen, I came because I wanted to see you. I have missed you so, my dear one, and have been so lonely without you. May I stay near you forever, dearest? It rests with you alone whether I go again or stay. I want you so much, more than anything on earth, Gwen."

With calm dignity she looked at me for a second, then, ignoring my question and outstretched arms, she calmly said, "Where is the orchid Alf sent to me? Father sent me here to see it."

"I don't think that Alf sent an orchid home by your father, I did not see one," I answered in surprise.

The colour mounted to her cheeks as she said, "There must be. Father would not deceive me."

"I am glad that you came for I want to talk to you, to explain. There has been a great mistake and it is all my fault. Believe me, it was through a mistaken sense of duty

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that, when last we met, I put away from me what I longed for more than anything on earth. I would give the world to have again the opportunity of taking you in my arms and promising to love you and care for you always. Won't you answer what I have asked you, dear?"

Still she was unrelenting and stood gazing at me as though searching my very conscience. To me she seemed more womanly, more beautiful than ever and somehow for her unbending silence I loved her more.

"It rests with you, Gwen," I pleaded, "whether I remain or go away forever, but I want to stay. I have suffered. You may doubt it, dear, but I have been through Hades during the last few weeks."

As I watched her changing expressions of countenance I detected signs of relenting when I spoke of my own suffering, and at last she spoke.

"Have you really suffered, George? Yes, I can see that you have. I do believe that you have, and I am so sorry."

Thus encouraged, I moved nearer to her, and looking straight into her eyes said, "You, too, have changed greatly." Then placing the fern leaf I still held in the lace of her dinner frock, I said, "Yesterday, today and forever, Gwen, my dearest heart, I love you. I want you to give yourself to me to love and cherish forever."

Then came the words I longed to hear, for her arms were on my shoulders and mine enfolded her lovingly as though I were afraid of losing her again. Hiding her face close to me she repeated her former plea, "I have missed you so much,

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George, and have been so lonely without you. Promise, promise, to stay beside me always, never to leave me again."

In this blissful moment I knew that Jacob Morley's daughter and I were one forever.

There was so much we wanted to tell each other in that momentous hour of our lives that dinner time was a secondary consideration. However, we remembered Jacob and met him half way across the lawn coming to remind us that dinner was overdue and that he had purposely held it back half an hour. Gwen and I both assured him that he was the wisest of men.

"Well, I wanted Gipsy to have time to admire the orchid Alf sent her," he said with a mischievous glance at us both. "Orchids are usually weird, uncommon, freakish things to my mind, and certainly this one I have brought back is of that order. What do you say, Gipsy?"

Before she could reply I told Jacob that I wanted him to cancel my agreement to stay with him temporarily and make it a permanent engagement because Gwen and I had agreed never to part. I reminded him that his generosity had made this possible for me and there was a great deal I wished to say to him later. Leaving Gwen with her father I hurried on ahead to change my coat.

We were alone for awhile after the meal was over, which gave me the opportunity of telling Jacob how matters stood between his daughter and myself, and how I hoped and believed that he would look favourably upon me as worthy of his daughter's hand and to be entrusted with the care of the one he held so dear. He reminded me of a former conversa-

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tion wherein he had spoken of a man he esteemed most highly, the only one he had met whom he felt could make Gipsy happy.

"For," said he, "the man who will make her happy is one who is capable of giving her a satisfying mental and spiritual companionship coupled with the strong, sheltering care and loving attention that the human side of woman craves for from the man she loves best on earth. So far, in my fatherly way I have done my part to be to her, father, mother, sweetheart and friend, always remembering that the day would come when my charge would be given to another. At last I met a man, I found him on the roadside, George, and as I grew to know him I saw and felt in him that which I knew would meet my child's need in a life companion. The longer I knew him the more my conviction strengthened, but I did not know that he would ever regard Gipsy in a degree deeper than friendship. That was not a point for me to handle; I left that to the working of divine Law."

I would have interrupted him but he silenced me and continued, "While in the city recently I fulfilled my intention of furthering that man's future prospects, for, apart from any other consideration I liked him well enough to want to help him. I have given him shares in several good paying industrial and gold mining concerns which will be the means of an immediate revenue and will enable him soon to provide a home in New Zealand for his mother and sisters, should he so desire. There are other things I have done which I will not talk of now but will ask you to meet me in my office at ten

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o'clock in the morning to discuss them. Now, George, you are not such a 'freakish' orchid surely as not to know that the man of my choice was yourself. Knowing this you can realize my pleasure at the prospect of having you as a son-in-law. Here is my hand on it, my lad. Imagine my chagrin when I arrived home and found you had left us. I could not imagine that my confidence in you was misplaced yet evidence was much against you. Soon Alf came. We talked in confidence and the light he threw on the situation was enough to let me see that wisdom and action were necessary to avert what might be a lifelong calamity. He urged me to come with him and bring you back. You know the rest, George.

"Now I will leave Gipsy in your care this evening," he said as she appeared, her cheeks aglow.

"Dadsey," she asked, "do you think my mother would be happy over George and me never parting again?"

"I have thought of that, my dear," he replied. "I feel sure she is happy because we all are happy. I am glad that George calls you by the name she gave you."

When we met next morning Jacob further unfolded plans he had made for my future well-being, the generosity of which nearly overwhelmed me, and he also spoke of other liberal arrangements he intended to make since I was to become his son-in-law.

In my surprise I foolishly asked, "Can you afford to be so generous?"

"The term 'can't afford' does not belong to my vocabulary," he replied. "I never use it. I have grown so accustomed

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to knowing that I have the wealth of ages always within me awaiting to respond to my intelligent call and mental operation, as I have shown you in the lessons given you and Alf, that I always feel rich. It is a state of consciousness I have attained to, that automatically attracts success and money to me. I know, see and feel myself eternally rich. This I know, that had I never given I should not now have. I live to get and I get to give. My teacher started me on the giving tack at once and told me, out of poverty even to give, but to give in the right spirit, not for praise, nor because I felt I would get something in return, but to give with the feeling that it was a pleasure and help to the recipients of my gifts—to enter into their pleasure at receiving, to know that the power I had within me to give willingly was also a power by which my own blessings would increase. So I started giving the smallest things. A match, a bundle of sticks, a drink of water, a flower or a shoelace, anything I had to give I gave with the right thought. As surely as I gave thus I noticed more blessings coming my way. Later on I could give bigger things, and so I continued giving and getting, for the two are one. It is part of my scientific training.”

He then said that it was necessary that we both visit the city again to finalize the business arrangements he had started, if these were completely agreeable to me. I was too overcome to speak. He understood, and proposed that we three should go together and spend a fortnight holidaying, for the business itself would not take long to complete. He thought such relaxation would benefit us all and that he could arrange for

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the care of "Prosperity" during our absence. Gwen quite fell in with his suggestion, which we carried out.

Benefited in every way we arrived back at "Prosperity" full of plans for the future. Jacob seemed happy to be home again and anxious to get all over the place at once.

It was a beautiful, starlight night, the heavens were a marvellous sight of starry grandeur, and a touch of frost was in the air.

"Dadsey loves the starlight. He says moonlight and starlight always recall dear memories of my mother and their trysting days. He loves to get alone on such nights as this and think of her and feel her near him, as he declares she is. His love for her has indeed been a great, noble love. I often wonder whether, had mother not left us in the way she did, father would have found the way to prosperity as he has done, or have been such a helper to others. He always deplores the poverty that he declares indirectly caused her death."

I listened to her talking and suggested that, as long engagements, when unnecessary, were not in her father's opinion sensible, we should shape our course towards the great event. We had discussed several points, among others about waiting for a cable from Alf before fixing the date, and concerning the coming of my relations to New Zealand. We were full of glorious anticipation when a 'phone call came from the nearest country post office. Gwen answered it. The post-mistress was in receipt of a cable message from Sydney, Australia, and asked if she should give it now over the 'phone or should it wait until the morning to be delivered by post at

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"Prosperity." Gwen took the message. Then, she cried delightedly, "It is from Alf. He says, 'All is Good. Love to all.' Where is Dadsey? Let us find him."

I stayed her haste while I gathered a red silk shawl that hung in the hall and wrapped it carefully around her head and shoulders, for the night was chilly.

As Gwen surmised we found Jacob walking slowly around the lawn, evidently enjoying a stillness that was broken only by the whispering leaves that seemed to be protesting against the disturbing influence of a rising night wind. We stood and watched him awhile until he paused beneath the tree under which he had given Alf and me one of our lessons on a Sunday afternoon.

"My dear, dear father," said Gwen softly. "He must never feel that he is losing me, or that I am leaving him or loving him less."

We approached him and told him of Alf's cable. He was genuinely delighted and hoped that he and his family would soon follow the cable. We all realized Alf's happiness and his hopes, and rejoiced.

Then Jacob was told of our plan for our marriage to take place soon after Alf's arrival. He remained silent for a few seconds, his form and features clearly visible in the clear starlight. He gazed at us as we stood before him, changing emotions sweeping over his countenance.

Presently, he slowly said, "So you are taking Gipsy from my keeping, George. Remember, lad, I hand her to you as my greatest earthly treasure, her mother's last charge to me, her

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living gift to me. No, no, lad, I know you will say that you are not parting us. You think you are not, but it is a parting of the ways to me, which no one but myself will understand. Take her in your arms, George, and hold her close, so, just as I did her mother when she promised to be my wife. Now, promise me that you will love her and be true to her always for her mother's sake and mine; now, Gipsy dear, promise your father that you will always be true to the man of your choice." He held my arms closely pressed around Gwen as we gave our promise always to remember his desire. Then slowly turning from us, he spoke as though to Gwen's mother. We listened, and I knew that my dear one's eyes were dim with tears.

"Isn't he wonderful," she whispered. "My noble father, so true and tender."

"He is simply magnificent, a grand example of true manhood," I answered.

Unmindful of our presence it seemed, and rapt in the devotions of the moment he stood with upraised face and clasped hands, as though the rustling leaves overhead were whispering to him a message that he alone understood.

"Myra, Myra, wife of my heart. My dear one," he gently said, "thy living gift to me I have fondly cherished and now I give her to one who promises to cherish her and love her as truly as I have done. I have given to her of this world's goods, that which I could not give to you, beloved one. For your dear sake I have learned the way to prosperity, for your sake I labour to show the way to others, and for your sake I will

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continue to do so until a greater work is given to me. Bless thy child and my child, beloved, and the man she loves as you love me. In this glad hour of their lives, bless them, and bless thou me, Myra, beloved one, wife of my heart."

"How happy he looks, dearest, as though the murmuring leaves comforted him," whispered Gwen. "He would rather be alone, I know."

I glanced again at the man to whom I owed so much, then with a fond, caressing touch I gathered my loved one's silken wrap more closely around her shoulders and led her away.

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